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Pro-Slavery.

From the Daily [N. Y.] Globe.

THE SPIRIT OF ABOLITIONISM.

Many people imagine that abolitionism is of native growth, but they are mistaken. We have always said that it was of British origin, for the reason that it is too monstrous a doctrine to spring from the brains of Americans; and we have proof of the fact now before us, which we are happy to give to our readers. The Glasgow (Scotland) Emancipation Society met on the first of August, and passed a long string of resolutions, from which we copy the following as a specimen of the spirit of the society:

That it is the duty of the friends of liberty and equal rights in Great Britain, and throughout the world, to combine, and by *Christian, peaceful, and bloodless* means, to seek the *dissolution of the American Union,* as the gigantic enemy of Freedom and the rights of man.

That the Glasgow Emancipation Society memorialize the Government of Great Britain to use all Christian and peaceful endeavors to procure the immediate abolition of Slavery in the United States of America, and in all other places where it may exist.

That when slaveholders from America, or from any other country, visit this kingdom, it is the duty of the people to regard and treat them as "man-stealers," and to warn and rebuke them as guilty of the "highest kind of theft," and as "sinners of the first rank."

These resolutions contain the darling object, and express the real designs and intentions of the Abolitionists all over the world. Wilberforce, George Thompson, and other fanatics, have sown the seed, and the Greeleys, the Channings, and the O'Sullivans of the present age are watching the ground with all diligence. "It is the duty of the friends of liberty and equal rights, in Great Britain and throughout the world, to seek the dissolution of the American Union," say the resolutions, and straightway the reverend and very pious Mr. Channing circulates a pledge about the room in which he preaches for the congregation to sign, in which pledge they bind themselves not to vote for any person who, on entering on the discharge of the duties of his office, is willing to swear that he will support the Constitution and laws of the United States; and is it reasonable to suppose that such a sentiment had its origin on this side of the Atlantic? No—the idea is preposterous; and yet many persons of American birth not only coincide with the fanatics who set the base proposition afloat in the world, but actually say with apparent sincerity that they regard our Constitution as no better than waste paper, and that they would sooner trample it under foot than swear to support it. This they have learnt from the fanatics of Great Britain, and they think it wise and proper, and perhaps *patriotic* too, to "seek the dissolution of the American Union, as THE GIGANTIC ENEMY OF FREEDOM and the rights of man!" The abolition societies of this country are treasonable combinations of individuals whose end and aim is to subvert the Republic; and it is the duty of every well-disposed citizen to frown upon every movement which they may make towards the furtherance of their object.

The next resolution is laughable in the extreme. The idea that the Government of Great Britain is capable of using *Christian,* and *peaceable,* and *bloodless* means, is the most ridiculous one we have heard of or read this many a year. John Bull would undoubtedly like to procure the immediate abolition of slavery in this country: but Johnny has long since learnt that it is not possible to do it *immediately,* either by Christian and peaceable means, or by any other, and he will soon find that it cannot be done at all by his agency, and will back out of the scrape altogether, as he did out of the Texas matter, not many months ago.

These Scotch fanatics, instead of talking about the spread of freedom in this country, had better turn their attention to the miseries which their own countrymen have endured for many years, and ask "the Government of Great Britain to use all Christian and peaceable means" to ameliorate their condition by giving them plenty to eat, and sending another Duke of Argyle among them; and also to furnish straight jackets for the members of the Glasgow Emancipation Society. This society of crazy men have also resolved that when slaveholders visit the land o' cakes, they shall be considered as the worst kind of thieves, "and that it is the duty of the people to warn and rebuke them, as guilty of the highest kind of theft." This would answer very well, if the society had its own way in the matter, and it was a game at which two parties could not play; but if the Americans were to resolve that all Scotch and English Abolitionists visiting this country should be considered as the worst kind of incendiaries, and treated as such, and should actually carry the resolution into effect on the first one of the genus that might be caught, what then would be the upshot of the matter? Could the philanthropic Scotchmen find fault with such treatment? If they could, then any murderer might with equal propriety find fault with being hung.

From the same.

THE LATE NEGRO CONVENTION.

It is stated in some of the newspapers, that a convention of the negroes was lately held at Syracuse, in this State, and that they have promulgated the fact that there are among them fifteen thousand males over the age of twenty-one years, who are ready to deposit their votes in the ballot-boxes the moment the restriction in our present Constitution is repealed. They go farther than the announcement of this single fact, and proclaim that, upon the expected modification of the Constitution, they will hold the balance of power in this State. It may therefore be expected, if admitted freely to participate in our elective franchise, that they will not only favor us with their odoriferous presence at the polls, but will give their votes to that political party which will court them most. This certainly presents a state of things which will hereafter, and, indeed does at this moment, call for serious consideration and reflection. We have watched this movement, which has been going on for some years, and have even seen a portion of our professed Democrats go into it with a bull-headed recklessness which plainly indicates a union of incongruous elements, and the establishment of a new party, composed of recusant Democrats, Federalists, and Negroes. Can such a movement succeed? Or will the Democrats of the North, who love the Union, and hold on to the Federal compact as the anchor of our national safety—will they sanction such a policy? Will the working classes of the North stand idly by and see consummated a scheme, the end of which is their physical, political, and social degradation? Will they sustain insidious leaders and *pseudo* Democratic presses, who countenance either by open advocacy or miserable temporizing, a policy so injurious to themselves and so dangerous to the peace and happiness of the Republic? This is to be seen: a State Convention will unquestionably be called, and it is hardly to be expected that it will contain a solid majority of stern Democrats. Abolitionism, Native-Americanism, Federalism, and it is not improbable that Anti-Rentism will be represented in that Convention, and faction therefore may wield the power in that body. We all know, that know anything of the unscrupulousness of Federalism, that no alliance with any faction will be discountenanced by it. It always unites with faction, if it can obtain a temporary or permanent advantage over the Democratic party. Indeed, the policy is not disguised, for already some of the leading Whig presses proclaim, that in this pregnant measure of a Convention, they seek to the establish an abolition party at the North; while others stealthily wish to conceal the fact that their first movement in the Convention will be to acquire political weight and preponderance, by the admission of the negroes to the freedom of voting. Thus much for to-day. Our only hope is that, when the time comes for action, we may select good and true Democrats of the right stamp, who will frown down this whole project in the Convention.

From the same.

THE STATE CONVENTION.

* * * If it would not fasten upon the organic law persecutive restraints upon the naturalized citizen, or upon the European emigrant, who may fly here from the tyranny of his monarch master—if it would not bow to the fanaticism and morbid philanthropy of abolition, by opening the right of suffrage to fifteen thousand negroes, and thus inviting within our borders the refuse negro population of other States, to fill our cities and valleys, and to degrade and compete with white labor—if we were assured that these things would not be attempted, or if attempted, would not be successful, we would show no doubt or hesitancy as to the propriety of a Convention. If a Convention we must have, it will be the duty of the working men of this State to take such measure as will prevent the *labor degradation policy* of abolitionism from being inflicted upon them. Men must be sent there who regard the North and South as one great and happy country, and who believe that the Constitution of the United States reserves to the slaveholding States the original right to the exclusive control of the servile portion of their population; not men—and we have some in our midst—who are ready to seize upon this question of abolition with a view to divide the Democracy of the North and South, and rend asunder the union of the States. Men must be sent there who will oppose any admixture of the black element whatsoever with our political and social systems; not men who would give the negro the controlling power in the State, reduce the dignity of labor by black competition, and teach us to take to our bosoms, on the same footing of equal social condition, the black man as we do the white. * *

From the same.

WHERE CAN THEY GO?

The Abolitionists have been told a hundred times a month, ever since they commenced their movement towards the unconditional freedom of the negroes of this country, that their efforts, so far from benefiting the poor blacks, served only to rivet their "chains" the tighter, and that instead of being the friends of the poor negro they are his worst enemies. They have had palpable proof of it many a time, and yet they seem so dull to learn wisdom by experience; but still persevere in their pernicious work as doggedly as though they never had heard the voice of warning. If there is a person in this country who reads the newspapers and yet is not convinced of the truth of this fact, let him ponder upon the developments recently made in Fayette county, Kentucky, under the preaching and writing of that notorious hair-brained fanatic, Cassius M. Clay, first cousin to the redoubtable, but easily Polk-able "sage" of Ashland.

This Cassius first commenced his career as a Whig, and went about the country soliciting the votes of the Abolitionists for his celebrated cousin, Harry of the West. Encouraged by Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, and other unprincipled leaders of the blind Coons of Kentucky, he went on from one degree to another, until he thought proper to endeavor to incite the negroes to "break through the panes of glass that separated them from the plate on the sideboard, and the smooth-skinned woman on the ottoman;" and there he came to a full stop, for the people gave him notice immediately, that they would not tolerate such conduct. He braved public opinion as fiercely as any person similarly situated could, but he was obliged to knock under, and allow his types, and other things pertaining to the vile concern, of which he was the head, to be packed up and sent to Cincinnati.

The next move of the outraged citizens of Fayette county, was to notify all free negroes that they must find a home in other parts outside of Fayette; and what will be the movement that must follow this? We shall not be surprised if we hear soon that the Legislature of Kentucky, has passed a law requiring the immediate and everlasting absence of every free negro now within the limits of the State; and if this be done, where are the poor negroes to go? That question stands at the head of this article, and it is easier to answer it by telling where they *cannot* go, than where they can; for it is plain enough that they cannot go to any slave State and remain in peace and quiet, and it follows of course, that they must take up a residence in the free States. Here, then, we come to a point which the Abolitionists have never broached. They have always taken strong ground against the Democratic party because the Democrats were opposed to the abolition of Slavery. The Democrats of the North have been accused of succumbing to the slaveholders of the South from party considerations only, and to their real injury; but when the Abolitionists consider what is to become of the slaves of the South as fast as they are freed, and where they are to go, they will find that the Democracy have good reason for objecting to the abolition of Slavery. The mechanics and laboring men of the North, are not willing that the free blacks of the South shall come amongst them and compete with them for the bread which they are striving to obtain to feed their children with, and moreover it is proper for us here to state, and it is necessary that the Abolitionists and Whigs should be made acquainted with the facts, that the laboring men of the North do not consider the negro their equal in any respect whatever; and that therefore, they will always oppose the schemes of the Abolitionists in justice to themselves, as well as in mercy to the poor negro.

The Whigs have favored the Abolitionists, and the Abolitionists have always been with *them;* and here is the reason: the Abolitionists wish to raise the negro slave to a level with the white man, and the Whigs, with the hope of gaining the ascendency by their help, give them their countenance and support; and if the Abolitionists should require them, as a *sine qua non,* to acknowledge political rights of the chimpanzee, the ourang-outang, and the baboon, we verily believe they would concede, provided always that the Abolitionists, in consideration thereof, should cast their votes for the Whig candidates at the first coming election.

The Democratic party has been very well abused for many years by the Whigs and Abolitionists, because it has always been opposed to their mad schemes. They care nothing for the welfare of the white working classes, but would rather that they should be reduced to a level with negroes, and forced to compete with them than not; but the Democratic party, ever mindful of the good of those who are the bone and muscle of the republic, has constantly and uniformly objected to their degradation, and has always stood before the world as the advocates of their rights. Democrats do not object to colonization, but would be glad if all the negroes could be sent to Liberia; but they are decidedly opposed to raising the negro to a level with the white man, or reducing the white man to a level with the negro, and until the Abolitionists and Whigs provide for the freedom of the negroes on honorable and reasonable terms, and also find a place to send them to after they are liberated, they need not expect that the Democracy will regard them in any other light than as enemies both to the white man and the negro. The least they can do in the premises, in the event of the abolition of Slavery, is to provide a refuge for the blacks when they are free; and we will close this article by asking the simple question, "Where can they go?"

From the same.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

* * * * * *

After disposing of man physically, he, [Mr. Channing,] goes on to despatch him politically; and we give him great credit for commencing at the fountain head. If a man wishes to damn the human race, he commences generally by cursing those who led the way to freedom: and of all the men of this world who have been renowned as first among the cursed, Thomas Jefferson is chief. When he became a candidate for the presidency, notwithstanding he was the author of the Declaration of Independence, and the best and wisest politician that ever lived, yet he was denounced as everything base, and the people were given to understand that our churches would be burnt to the ground, or converted into theatres, or something worse, and that a general upturning of society would take place if Jefferson were elected President. He *was* elected, and what then? Everybody knows: the Louisiana purchase was made during his administration, and that was about equal, in the eyes of the Massachusetts puritans, to the annexation of Texas.

That said purchase of the Louisiana territory was denounced in those days as one of the fruits of Jeffersonism, and Mr. Jefferson of course received his full share of the abuse which the straight-faced Federalists of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, so freely bestowed on the democratic party for electing and sustaining him. Even so at the present day the annexation of Texas has caused a rise in the dandruff of certain politico-theologico individuals, here and elsewhere, who avail themselves of the Sabbath as the time when, and the pulpit as the place where, to deliver disgraceful philippics against any prominent measure of the Government that does not suit them, and the small knot of malcontents to which they belong. Among these candidates for unenviable notoriety, Mr. Channing stands conspicuous. He is nominally pastor of the "*Christian* Union Church," but instead of obeying the injunction, to "preach Jesus Christ and him crucified, and speak evil of no man," he sees fit to defile the church and offend his congregation with politics and speeches after the tenor of the following extract:—

> It was but yesterday that a journal published in this city had the audacity to say that if Mexico did not hold back, there was a spirit waiting to be roused that would annex her, too, with Texas. It was well said by an honest patriot of other days, and would apply to this—"We look in vain for one honest nation." We cannot speak of this nation as honest. We have done a deed of unmitigated baseness.

So, then, there is no such thing in sight as an honest nation, for Mr. Channing says he looks in vain for one. This nation cannot be called honest, for, says he, it has done a deed of unmitigated baseness! Then all those who were in favor of the Annexation bill were dishonest, and aided and abetted the Government in an act of unmitigated baseness! Verily, if this clerical impudence can be equalled we should like to see it done or attempted. Let Fessenden and Greeley, the infamous defamers of the immortal Jackson, come forth and try their hand in emulation of their brother Channing, or let them forever hereafter hold their peace. The nation is dishonest, and has been guilty of an act of unmitigated baseness, and who of all the world has the moral courage to stand forth in all the dignity of blue-light Abolitionism, and charge the Government with having [illegible] formidable, and redoubtable reverend Mr. Channing? Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of New-York, but preach it from the pulpit of the Christian Union Church in Broadway, that the nation is dishonest and has been guilty of an act of unmitigated baseness. Mr. Channing was the first to ascertain the fact, the first to make the charge, and should receive therefore a reward of merit from John Bull in the shape of a leather medal.

We pity the folly and weakness of a congregation of intelligent beings who can, or think they ought to, sit still and listen to such villainous ribaldry as Mr. Channing's sermon consists of, and we wonder how they can suffer such a person to desecrate their pulpit at all. The day has gone by when a parson could lead his people by the nose, and we would advise this Mr. Channing to have some respect for the *ears* of his parishioners.

From the same.

Mr. CHANNING'S INCENDIARY ADDRESSES ON ABOLITION AND DISUNION.

It appears that this reverend fanatic has been for some time past trying to drive his hearers into certain ultra measures on Abolition and Disunion. The *Express,* not long ago, in noticing one of the singular and treasonable discourses of this Channing, makes the following concluding remarks:

> We know not, however, that we should have taken any notice of Mr. Channing's recent discourses, if they had not had a political bearing, and if they had not embodied a direct invitation to his hearers to become traitors to their country, by requiring pledges like the following,—pledges, by the way, which are in circulation here, and among the ultra Abolitionists of many of the free States:
>
> "ANTI-SLAVERY PEACE PLEDGE.
>
> "We, the undersigned, hereby solemnly pledge ourselves not to countenance or aid the United States Government in any war which may be occasioned by the annexation of Texas, or in any other way, foreign or domestic, designed to perpetuate Slavery.
>
> DISUNION PLEDGE.
>
> "Believing that an oath or affirmation to support the Constitution of the United States is utterly irreconcilable with the freedom of the slave,
>
> "We, the undersigned, hereby pledge ourselves not to vote for a candidate for any office, the entrance upon which requires such oath or affirmation."

The man must certainly be crazy to attempt the dissemination of such puerile stuff as this; and yet, we hear, he absolutely tried to circulate these pledges in a printed form among his congregation, but was rebuked on the spot by many of them leaving the room, (church he has none,) and refusing to hear him again. Still, out of such materials, and by such means, are negro Conventions got up and patronized; and by such men is our State Convention to be carried, and perhaps organized. It will be well for the Democratic party to look attentively towards the threatened mischiefs that unwittingly some of the most wayward have prepared for us and themselves. Abolitionism and fanaticism, such as are promulgated by this wild man from Massachusetts, are already at work to give tone and character to the anticipated State Convention: and we should not be surprised if the first measure there moved, will be to give the negro the freedom of voting without restriction. Then look out for your fifteen thousand black balance of power men. If these abolition Whigs, and fanatics succeed in this, then farewell to the Democratic ascendency of the State of New-York, and look for the advent of a candidate for the next Presidency at the North, whom we may salute in advance as the "*Negro Candidate,*" *par excellence!* Shall we name the man who is to be that candidate, and who, more than any other man, has created all this mischief?

From the same.

Whatever may be the difference of opinion between ourselves and the *Express* in relation to the negro, physiologically speaking, one fact they must be advised of, that a large majority of those who signed the Declaration of Independence were slaveholders. At the time that Declaration was made, the then thirteen colonies were slave colonies. Massachusetts, and all that portion of our now happy Union which boasts a "lick of the Puritan blood," permitted the holding of slaves, and unlike some of the present generation there, paid strict regard to that commandment which says: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's." We submit, therefore, to our Whig friends of the *Express* whether the establishment of a new Government in '76, did not contemplate a Government of *white* men, not a Government of *negroes?* We do not now refer to the physiological argument. If it did not—which we contend it did—would the *Express,* or does the *Express* desire to be understood as favoring the extension of equal political privileges to the negro? It will be fair to presume, that when once the negro is placed upon the same political level with the white man, he will soon lay claim to the same social rights. And what would follow? That which the *Express* would not stand *sponsor* for. We do not desire to be responsible for the peculiar argument of Governor Hammond, to which the *Express* alludes; it is to our understanding a dangerous one, and not at all in consonance with the views of the Northern Democracy; who oppose interference with the institutions of the South, on high constitutional grounds—who oppose the extension of the same political privileges to the negro as the white man possesses, because its tendency would be to degrade the laboring classes—and who oppose it upon the great natural ground that the Creator put a mark upon the two races, which legislation, if it were possible, must not efface. Thus much for to-day. If the *Express* will give us *its* opinions, above board, we should like it much.

From the same.

☞ In passing along Greenwich street yesterday, near Chambers, we discovered that the Stewarts, famed for their "Steam Candy manufactory," employ *negroes* for laborers, to the exclusion of industrious white men. We'll bet the price of a pound of well-made candy, that the Stewarts are Abolitionists, and that *their* motive for voting for a Convention will be that the negroes they employ may vote as the white man does. If this should ever occur, how would the negroes in the employ of the Stewarts, vote? With the Stewarts, as a matter of course. And how do the Stewarts vote? With the Federalists, we presume.

From the same.

☞ "Union, Harmony, Concession,—*everything for the cause*—NOTHING FOR MEN." Let the Wards send right and thoroughgoing Republicans to the several Committees. Be sure that no Abolitionists—no Disunionists crawl in. Look at your men—turn them round—look them in the eye, and ask them if they favor an admixture of the black element in our political and social systems, by degrading the white man to the level of the negro? Let not this point be forgotten.

From the Dublin Nation.

AMERICA AND IRELAND.

The European nations have generally, and in our own day, enfranchised their colonial slaves. The task was easy. These slaves were few in number, divided, far away; not obnoxious by quarrels; harmless objects of a thoughtful philanthropy.

Far differently are they circumstanced in the Southern States of America—which, by the way, inherited Slavery from England and France. They form the mass of the working population, from the Chesapeake to Florida. Their emancipators would disappear amongst them were they enfranchised. The wickedness of Slavery has made emancipation perilous; for the negro has all the vices, ignorance, and wild impulses of a slave. Yet the system is doomed to perish; it is receding before the example of the Northern and Western States; it is unknown in the best, and it will disappear from the worst, unless some element of wrath is intruded.

In that distant land (which owes so much of its independence to Irish valor) are some millions of men, who either from their blood, or birth, from their pity [illegible] power, have sympathized long and ardently with Ireland.

During the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, societies of "Friends of Ireland" were formed in slave States and free—in Virginia and New-York. Hardly a great city in the Union but sent its addresses, its money, and its offers of succor in extremity. All were received with gratitude. The generosity of the slave-owner, and his haughty sympathy for religious freedom, were accepted as if he had no sin on his soul. Take one example—the answer of the Catholic Association to the city of Augusta, in the slave State of Georgia.

The Catholic Association was hostile to Slavery; but its leaders no more thought they sanctioned Slavery in Georgia, when they thanked the city of Augusta, than that they approved the private vices or the public misdeeds of any man whose support and membership they accepted in Ireland.

Similar has been the conduct of America and Ireland during the Repeal agitation.

When it was but an infant, in 1841, it was promptly recognized by America as a national movement. Not a few of those enthusiastic days, which nurtured the young plant owed their warmth to the passionate thoughts and generous sacrifices of America. They swelled the pomp of '43 with their increasing aid. During the doubts and dangers of the trial and imprisonment, they never slackened. It was needful to check, not to stimulate, their zeal. And for all this Ireland was, and is, and will be grateful.

The generosity was ever welcomed with votes and cheers, and heart-gratitude. Often a quiet, firm protest was made, that, in accepting American friendship, Ireland did not cease to condemn American Slavery; but it was accepted—the advantage of such an ally in our great contest was plain enough—clouds, then, too, arose from the West, terrifying men in power, though they did not so frankly own it as they have done since. Ireland saw that in commerce and agitation, in peace and war, she would fare better if, next across the Atlantic, in the seat of her great emigrations, frontiered by Canada (one of England's largest and most slippery possessions), and shared by Irish millions, there were a friend organized to help her.

An untoward phrase may, for an hour, have made the Americans pause; but they, in fact, resumed their work, and even now are laboring for Ireland.

Ireland does not depend on them, nor on any foreign power. By her own purpose and by her own strength only can a nation be safely liberated; for it must have the virtues of enfranchisement, or it will not long possess the fruits of it; but Ireland cannot grow ungrateful for the care and zeal of America, and cannot become blind to the value of such an intimacy.

From the Baltimore Visitor.

SLAVEHOLDERS' MEETING.

It seems that, for the dreadful crime of expressing his opinions upon an institution in which he himself is very largely interested, Dr. R. S. Stewart has been called to account, by some of his fellow slaveholders of Anne Arundal County. A meeting was called to meet on the 6th instant, under the "Big Oak Tree, on Col. Boyle's farm," and the Doctor was repectfully invited to attend and "show cause" why he should not be condemned. The Doctor had too much self-respect, to attend. They, however, had their meeting, whose proceedings are thus reported in the Annapolis papers:

> At a highly respectable meeting of citizens, assembled together almost spontaneously for the purpose of considering a letter of Dr. Richard S. Stewart, published in a pamphlet, and recommending the emancipation of slaves, and the establishment of an emancipation paper in the city of Baltimore,
>
> A committee composed of the following gentlemen, John S. Selman, Joseph N. Stockel, Philip Pindle, Samuel H. Dorset, Thomas Welsh, Jacob Bird, and David McBrogden, were appointed by the chairman, William O'Hara, Esq. to take said letter into consideration, and who, after due deliberation, reported the following resolutions:
>
> "Resolved by the meeting here assembled, That the impression calculated to be made by the language of Dr. Richard S. Stewart's letter to John L. Carey, Esq. of the city of Baltimore, on the subject of emancipation of the slaves, does not meet with the approbation of the members of this meeting,—is contrary to the views of propriety;—as they deprecate all agitation whatever of the subject of emancipation.
>
> "Resolved. That this meeting discountenances the course of any newspaper that attempts to connect the subject of Slavery with the politics of the day.
>
> "Resolved, That the above proceedings be published in all the newspapers of the State.
>
> "WM. O'HARRA, Chairman.
>
> "BUSH. W. MARRIOTT, Sec."

We learn that Dr. Stewart is preparing a pamphlet wherein he will define his position. We venture to say he will not be driven from either his opinions or his constitutional rights.

Selections.

CASSIUS M. CLAY MEETING AT SYRACUSE.

We mentioned last week, that such a meeting had been held. The following are the resolutions referred to, and which we copy from the Syracuse Star. They were drafted and read to the meeting by our friend Samuel J. May, and were unanimously adopted. The call for the meeting was signed by, and its officers taken indiscriminately from, all political parties:

1. Resolved, That the freedom of speech and of the Press, is an inseparable ally of that liberty, which the Constitution of our country claims for man; and guaranties to all the citizens of the States, that are united under it,—that in a country where all the measures of Government, and all the safeguards of the community are ultimately dependent upon the public will, it is indispensably necessary that the means of enlightening and purifying that will, should be kept in active, untrammeled operation.

2. Resolved, That every encroachment upon the freedom of speech and of the Press, in any part of the land, is sufficient cause for serious alarm in every other part: that they cannot have the hearts of true freemen, who do not feel themselves to be personally wronged, whenever a fellow-man is treated with indignity anywhere,—especially if the ill-treatment be on account of his zeal in the cause of human rights: that any attempt by mob violence, or otherwise, to trammel the press, is to be regarded as virtual treason against the Government of these United States.

3. Resolved, That any and every element in our civil policy, which will not bear the ordeal of free discussion, and the disclosures of a free press, must be fraught with deadly mischief to the country, and is evidently the offspring of tyranny and corruption.

4. Resolved, That as Slavery cannot endure the test of free discussion, either oral or printed, even when conducted in the most mild manner, by those living in its midst, and well acquainted with its true character and bearings; but must resort to mob outrage, and lynch law, to avert the influence of such discussion,—it thus proclaims its own condemnation, and its utter incongruity with the essential principles of our free institutions.

5. Resolved, That Slavery is utterly irreconcilable with the true welfare—the preservation of our Republic,—that it is eating out the cement of our Union, and sapping the foundation of our social fabric.

6. Resolved, That the subversion, and entire overthrow of the institution of Slavery, and the speedy arrest of its blighting influences, should be a prominent object of the true patriots, the best friends of our country.

7. Resolved, That we regard with high honor, and especial interest, Cassius M. Clay, of Lexington, Kentucky. Born in the midst of Slavery—subjected from infancy to the deteriorating influences of Slavery, he is to be respected all the more for his generous espousal of the cause of the enslaved; and we deplore the outrage by which the printing of "*The True American*" has been suddenly stopped, as the overshadowing of that bright hope for the slave, which was awakened in our hearts by the publication of an Anti-Slavery [illegible] slaveholding community.

8. Resolved, That we tender to Mr. Clay, through the officers of this meeting, an expression of our cordial approval of his humane purpose in the establishment of his paper; and our heartfelt sympathy with him, in the deep disappointment which he doubtless feels that his benevolent and patriotic intentions have been so rudely thwarted.

9. Resolved, That we hold up before our country, and the world, the twenty individuals, with Thomas F. Marshall at their head, who first met to instigate the outrage, as especially responsible for the grievous wrong that has been done to the cause of Liberty and Humanity.

10. Resolved, That we are painfully reminded of similar outrages upon liberty of speech and of the Press, which have in times past been perpetrated in too many parts of the so-called free States—aye, in some of the principal cities of our own commonwealth; and we are led to deplore anew the countenance and encouragement which were thus given to that spirit of wild disorder, which has now violently assailed, and put down, for a time, a noble-hearted philanthropist, who was willing to spend and be spent for the redemption of the oppressed.

11. Resolved, That such however, is the spirit of Liberty, and the power of Truth, that notwithstanding these seeming discouragements, we are still strong in the assurance, that the right must ultimately prevail—and we call upon the friends of humanity everywhere to redouble their diligence and steadfastness that the day of Jubilee may the sooner come.

On motion, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the officers, and published in all the village and county papers, and a copy transmitted to the Hon. Cassius M. Clay, with our ardent wishes for the speedy restoration of his health, and the resumption of his editorial labors.

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

OHIO YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.

This is the first time the Yearly Meeting has been held at Salem, and we understand that when it was proposed it should convene here and at Mt. Pleasant alternately, instead of annually at the latter place, some objected because Salem was so much more anti-slavery and reformatory in its character than Mt. Pleasant, that they feared such change would be productive of bad results. The friends of the anti-slavery cause looked forward to the meeting of this year with great interest, for the Society never convened in Ohio under circumstances more favorable to the cause of human freedom. It *might* have done a great work; it *might* have practically recognized the principles of Christian equality; it *might* have refused to be a spiritual despot, and to invest gallery influence with power to check the outburst of sympathy for down-trodden and crushed humanity, which came rising up from the low seats; it *might* have spoken

> "High words of Truth for Freedom, and for God."

But it chose to look upon the anti-slavery reform; and its healthy, purifying agitation, with sectarian vision, and it seemed to regard this great enterprise as a thing to be dreaded and shunned. Yet the discussions that were had, the truths that were elicited on that occasion, and the developments which the Society made of its opposition to the reforms of the day, and its love of despotism, have opened the eyes of many true-hearted Quakers, and enabled them to see where they stand.

On the first day of the meeting it appeared the Clerk was absent, and Benjamin B. Davis, the Assistant Clerk of last year, was appointed to act until, as is the custom, the Representatives should the next day make a new nomination. The character of the Representatives plainly indicated that there was some *management* in their appointment upon the part of at least one Quarterly Meeting, and that it was the design of such to put down if possible the Anti-Slavery movement so far as Friends were connected with it. They accordingly reported the name of Amos Wilson, who although not properly qualified to fill that station, was selected by them because of his known opposition to the Anti-Slavery reform. When the nomination was announced, many persons objected, some because Wilson's voice was not good, but most of them because of the manner in which his name was introduced. A portion of those who opposed his appointment, affirmed that his nomination was a movement originating in the spirit of hostility to the Anti-Slavery reform; this, although repeatedly asserted, no one presumed to deny; and they were further told that if Amos Wilson was appointed, it would be in opposition to the larger portion of the meeting. The *gallery* influence *however* prevailed, and he was appointed. The usual form of minute upon such occasions is, "The Representatives reported the names of two Friends to serve the meeting as Clerk and Assistant Clerk, which were separately *united with.*" The new Clerk having made the minute in this way, it was objected to as *untrue,* and he was obliged to substitute the phrase, "which were agreed to."

On the first day the use of the house, when unoccupied by the meeting was applied for by the anti-slavery convention, which had been called here the same week. It was refused. The application was renewed on the second day, asking for it during such time as neither the meeting or its committees wished to use it. The second application was treated as was the first: the only reason which was given in the meeting, so far as we have learned, was, "they did n't feel like letting it go," though after adjournment one prominent Friend said, "it would be a sin to open the house for such a purpose." These applications created no little excitement, and were the probable cause of two or three sermons "against the mixture." Samuel Comfort, of Bucks county, Pa. and Joseph Horner, of New Jersey, took occasion to bear their testimony against uniting with these benevolent societies that the world had formed.—Samuel Comfort ascribed to the Quakers all the credit for the present advanced stage of the Temperance cause, though we presume he is intelligent enough to know, that there are ministers, and elders, and members of the society who feel no hesitancy in using intoxicating liquors, if they are not presented in the form of ardent spirits. His position was shown to be false, and it was demonstrated, that not only in relation to Temperance, but also in regard to Anti-Slavery, the world was in advance of the Society. Our old friend, Samuel Levick, of Bucks County, Pa.—or *Sam,* as we used to call him when he was an active and efficient member of the Junior Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia—also spoke against "the mixture." Samuel used to be one of the most devoted friends of the slave Philadelphia had; he was instant in season, and out of season, laboring continually for his emancipation. Instead of attending meetings regularly on first days, he frequently used to go into the southern part of our city, where the poorest of our colored people congregate, enter their miserable hovels, and speak words of comfort and good counsel. Sometimes he and his young associates would gather these people in an open lot, and lecture, and preach to them, and strive by all proper means to improve and elevate their character and condition. And we have seen poor miserable women, so vile and polluted, that they dared not venture into the synagogues of our fashionable sects, draw near to these meetings, and listen attentively to the words that fell from their lips. But that was when Samuel mixed with the world for the purpose of doing good. He has now become a popular preacher of a popular sect, and his philanthropy and humanity are bound in the chains which his society has forged. A young man of the name of Grimshaw, said a few words in confirmation of what had fallen from the preachers. He had been a member of these associations, but had "minded the light," and come out from them, as would all others who obeyed its teachings. Nathan Galbreath, and several other aged Friends, declared they had "minded the light" and had stayed in these societies, and some one observed that it was very strange that if the light led Friends out of them, it did not also lead them out of railroad and banking companies, and other money making associations.

Perhaps some of our readers will be at a loss to understand the Quaker technicalities in this article, particularly the one about "going into the mixture." They may think it strange that Quakers should talk about mixing with the world, when they see them so continually doing it. They know that Friends hold stock in canals, make investments in railroads, unite with the mutual insurance companies, buy cotton of Southern planters, and sell goods to Yankee pedlars; and this seems to them mixing with the world. We will explain. The mixture which the Society so earnestly and affectionately cautions its members against, is mixture in benevolent associations for the purpose of doing good to the human family, and not that mixture by which their business will be extended and their wealth increased. This explanation we think will be satisfactory.

The summary answer to the eighth general query was, "Friends endeavor to bear a testimony against Slavery, but the sale and use of the productions of slave labor, and voting for slaveholders for office, as mentioned in one report, are named as exceptions to the proper support of this testimony.

In order to give to the Yearly Meeting an idea of the state of the Society, each Quarterly Meeting is required to answer certain queries; and the meeting whose report is referred to in the above answer, we have been informed is New Garden. This meeting, by the way, is in advance of any others we know of; and in its desire to maintain perfect freedom for all, it refuses to recommend any minister, or to appoint any elder to superintend the preaching of others, and guard against the promulgation of false doctrine. It holds that every one should have full liberty to speak as God giveth him utterance, and that all who hear should receive or reject that which is spoken, as seemeth best.

The confession of the Yearly Meeting, that it has not borne a faithful testimony against Slavery, and its admission that some of its members have impaired its proper support by voting for slaveholders, are important, and should not be forgotten; and we hope that when it is charged with inconsistency and unfaithfulness in future, its members will bear in mind that it has itself recorded the fact, and out of its own mouth do we condemn it. We however have in this circumstance, an evidence that progress is being made, and when the members of the Ohio Yearly Meeting see that voting under a pro-slavery Constitution is a support of Slavery, is in fact slave-*holding,* and the inferior meetings discipline such of their members as offend in this particular, we shall cheerfully award to it the name of Anti-Slavery.

Epistles from other Yearly Meetings were received and read, and it was announced by the clerk that he had in his possession one from Green Plain Quarterly Meeting of Indiana—that meeting that was so contumaciously Anti-Slavery that Indiana Yearly Meeting had to lay it down, but it wouldn't stay down, but came up to the Ohio Meeting with its Epistle in its hand, and demanded admittance. What shall be done with *that* epistle, was the question that presented itself to the minds of many. If the meeting read it, it would in a manner identify itself with the rebels; if it did not, very many would be dissatisfied. It is customary when epistles or communications out of the regular order are received, to refer them to a committee for examination, and it was at once proposed to dispose of this in the same way, but an unusual course of proceeding was subsequently adopted, and it was agreed to refer it to the Representatives of the various Quarterly meetings. The majority of these were known to be pro-slavery, and it was probably feared that if a committee was appointed, it might be composed mainly of Abolitionists, who would oppose the suppression of the document. The Representatives held many meetings, and it was with considerable difficulty they came to a decision. They finally advised the meeting not to have it read, on account of the disorder it would produce, but be returned whence it came, with information of the reasons for its rejection. Only *one* of the Representatives objected to this. The report was the cause of a long and warm discussion. Some were very fearful that if the Epistle were read, it would divide the Society—that its publication in that meeting would have a devastating tendency. Two prominent members—not anti-slavery men—were favorable to its being read in order to settle the difficulties in which the meeting had become involved. A large majority of those who spoke wished to have it treated as the other epistles had been, but gallery influence carried as usual, and it was decided *not* to read it. We understand that some professed Abolitionists were willing to make a compromise, and as they had not replied to Indiana they consented that Green Plain should be gagged. If it *had* a right to be heard, neither they nor any one else had any business to suppress, barter away, or compromise that right, and such as consented to sacrifice the right of Green Plain to be heard in its own defence, no matter under what pretext it was done, will yet bitterly rue it. This compromising of principle, this yielding up of the rights of another, is what no true man will ever do. If a man chooses to withdraw his claim, that is one thing, but trampling it under foot is quite another. If all who were on the side of right had been unyielding, that Epistle would have been read and replied to, and the little band of persecuted Quakers from whom it emanated, would have rejoiced in the sympathy of the Ohio Friends. Grateful as such sympathy would have been, they need it not, for they can stand alone; and yet not alone, for Truth, and the God of Truth, and all good men, are with them.

We hope that the Indiana Yearly Meeting will distinctly understand, that the reason why Ohio refuses to correspond with her, is because of the unjust and tyrannical course she has pursued toward the members of the Green Plain Quarterly Meeting.

At the close of the meeting notice was given, that if the rejected Epistle could be procured, and the meeting house obtained, it would be read fifteen minutes after adjournment. At the time appointed, although quite a number had been previously obliged to leave, and no notice had been given in the women's meeting, yet the men's side of the house was about half filled with an audience of both sexes, anxious to hear the document which had occasioned so much alarm. It was read, and a brief reply prepared. We hope to furnish our readers with both these documents next week.

One redeeming trait in the proceedings of the meeting, was the appointment of a committee on the subject of Slavery, the women leading in the matter. That committee is now organized under the name of "The Anti-Slavery Committee of the Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends," and it is empowered by the meeting to do what it deems proper in order to promote the cause of emancipation. If it is composed of women and men who are true to the cause of the slave, it may be the means of doing great good, for light is much needed as we all know, and they can diffuse a vast deal of information.

On the last day of the session Abby Kelley and S. S. Foster applied for admission, the former to the women's meeting, the latter to the men's. This request produced almost as much sensation as did the appearance of George Fox in the corrupt churches of olden times. On the men's side one Methodist clergyman was admitted without objection, and another without permission, but the idea of letting in that terrible S. S. Foster, who had been dragged out, or kicked out of all kinds of meeting houses—those of the Quakers included—occasioned considerable excitement. He was, however, admitted, but doubtless much to their surprise, did not feel called upon to say anything. On the women's side somewhat similar feelings no doubt existed, and although many had before applied, Abby was the only one to whose presence any objection was made. The reason given for their opposition was, that she would want to speak, and that would retard the business of the meeting; they were perfectly willing she should come in if she would keep silence. All objections were, however, finally overruled, and she was admitted. She was quite weak from sickness, yet spoke two or three times, though very briefly, on the epistles; making suggestions as she thought needful; and creating no such wonderful excitement as some had fearfully anticipated.

Thus much for the Ohio Yearly Meeting of 1845. What will be the final results of this gathering, remains yet to be shown, and is known only unto Him, who can see the end from the beginning.

From the Liberator.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

DUBLIN, Sept. 1, 1845.

DEAR FRIEND GARRISON:—Thanks to a kind Providence, I am now safe in old Ireland, in the beautiful city of Dublin, surrounded by the kind family, and seated at the table of our mutual friend, JAMES H. WEBB, brother of the well-known RICHARD D. WEBB. I landed at Liverpool on Thursday morning, 28th August, and took lodgings at the Union Hotel, Clayton Square, in company with friend Buffum and our warm-hearted singers, the Hutchinson family. Here we all continued until Saturday evening, the 30th instant, when friend Buffum and myself (with no little reluctance) separated from them, and took ship for this place, and on our arrival here, were kindly invited by James, in the temporary absence of Richard D. Webb and family, to make his [illegible]

There are a number of things about which I should like to write, aside from those immediately connected with our cause; but of this I must deny myself,—at least under present circumstances. Sentimental letter-writing must give way, when its claims are urged against facts necessary to the advancement of our cause, and the destruction of Slavery. I know it will gladden your heart to hear, that from the moment we first lost sight of the American shore, till we landed at Liverpool, our gallant steamship was the theatre of an almost constant discussion of the subject of Slavery—commencing cool, but growing hotter every moment as it advanced. It was a great time for Anti-Slavery, and a hard time for Slavery;—the one delighting in the sunshine of free discussion, and the other horror-stricken at its God-like approach. The discussion was general. If suppressed in the saloon, it broke out in the steerage; and if it ceased in the steerage, it was renewed in the saloon; and if suppressed in both, it broke out with redoubled energy, high upon the saloon deck, in the open, refreshing, free ocean air. I was happy. Everything went on nobly. The truth was being told, and having its legitimate effect upon the hearts of those who heard it. At last, the evening previous to our arrival at Liverpool, the slaveholders, convinced that reason, morality, common honesty, humanity, and Christianity, were all against them, and that argument was no longer any means of defence, or at least but a poor means, abandoned their post in debate, and resorted to their old and natural mode of defending their morality by brute force.

Yes, they actually got up A MOB—a real American, republican, democratic, Christian mob,—and that too, on the deck of a British steamer, and in sight of the beautiful highlands of Dungarvan! I declare, it is enough to make a slave ashamed of the country that enslaved him, to think of it. Without the slightest pretensions to patriotism, as the phrase goes, the conduct of the mobocratic Americans on board the Cambria almost made me ashamed to say I *had run away* from such a country. It was decidedly the most daring and disgraceful, as well as wicked exhibition of depravity, I ever witnessed, North or South; and the actors in it showed themselves to be as hard in heart, as venomous in spirit, and as bloody in design, as the infuriated men who bathed their hands in the warm blood of the noble Lovejoy.

The facts connected with, and the circumstances leading to, this most disgraceful transaction, I will now give, with some minuteness, though I may border, at times, a little on the ludicrous.

In the first place, our passengers were made up of nearly all sorts of people, from different countries, of the most opposite modes of thinking on all subjects. We had nearly all sorts of parties in morals, religion, and politics, as well as trades, callings, and professions. The doctor and the lawyer, the soldier and the sailor, were there. The scheming Connecticut wooden-clock-maker, the large, surly, New-York lion tamer, the solemn Roman Catholic bishop, and the Orthodox Quaker were there. A minister of the Free Church of Scotland, and a minister of the Church of England—the established Christian, and the wandering Jew, the Whig and the Democrat, the white, and the black—were there. There was the dark-visaged Spaniard, and the light-visaged Englishman—the man from Montreal, and the man from Mexico. There were slaveholders from Cuba, and slaveholders from Georgia. We had Anti-Slavery singing, and pro-slavery grumbling; and at the same time that Governor Hammond's Letters were being read, my Narrative was being circulated.

In the midst of the debate going on, there sprang up quite a desire, on the part of a number on board, to have me lecture to them on Slavery. I was first requested to do so by one of the passengers, who had become quite interested. I, of course, declined, well knowing that that was a privilege which the captain alone had a right to give, and intimated as much to the friend who invited me. I told him I should not feel at liberty to lecture, unless the captain should personally invite me to speak. Things went on as usual till between five and six o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, when I received an invitation from the captain to deliver an address upon the saloon deck. I signified my willingness to do so, and he at once ordered the bell to be rung, and the meeting cried. This was the signal for a general excitement. Some swore I should not speak, and others said I should. Bloody threats were being made against me, if I attempted it. At the hour appointed, I went upon the saloon deck, where I was expected to speak. There was much noise going on among the passengers, evidently intended to make it impossible for me to proceed. At length, our Hutchinson friends broke forth in one of their unrivalled songs, which, like the angel of old, closed the lion's mouths, so that, for a time, silence prevailed. The captain, taking advantage of this silence, now introduced me, and expressed the hope that the audience would hear me with attention. I then commenced speaking; and, after expressing my gratitude to a kind Providence that had brought us safely across the sea, I proceeded to portray the condition of my brethren in bonds. I had not uttered five words, when a Mr. Hazzard, from Connecticut, called out, in a loud voice, "That's a lie!" I went on, taking no notice of him, though he was murmuring nearly all the while, backed up by a man from New Jersey. I continued till I said something which seemed to cut to the quick, when out bawled Hazzard, "That's a lie!" and appeared anxious to strike me. I then said to the audience that I would explain to them the reason of Hazzard's conduct.—The colored man, in our country, was treated as a being without rights. "That's a lie!" said Hazzard." I then told the audience that as almost everything I said was pronounced lies, I would endeavor to substantiate them by reading a few extracts from slave laws. The slavocrats, finding they were now to be fully exposed, rushed up about me, with hands clenched, and swore I should not speak. They were ashamed to have American laws read before an English audience. Silence was restored by the interference of the captain, who took a noble stand in regard to my speaking. He said he had tried to please all of his passengers—and a part of them had expressed to him a desire to hear me lecture to them, and in obedience to their wishes he had invited me to speak; and those who did not wish to hear, might go to some other part of the ship. He then turned, and requested me to proceed. I again commenced, but was again interrupted—more violently than before. One slaveholder, from Cuba, shook his fist in my face, and said, "O, I wish I had you in Cuba!" "Ah!" said another, "I wish I had him in Savannah! We would use him up!" Said another, "I will be one of a number to throw him overboard!"

We were now fairly divided into two distinct parties—those in favor of my speaking, and those against me. A noble-spirited Irish gentleman assured the man who proposed to throw me overboard, that two could play at that game, and that, in the end, he might be thrown overboard himself. The clamor went on, waxing hotter and hotter, till it was quite impossible for me to proceed. I was stopped, but the cause went on. Anti-Slavery was uppermost, and the mob was never of more service to the cause against which it was directed. The clamor went on long after I ceased speaking, and was only silenced by the captain, who told the mobocrats if they did not cease their clamor, he would have them put in irons; and he actually sent for the irons, and doubtless would have made use of them, had not the rioters become orderly.

Such is but a faint outline of an AMERICAN MOB ON BOARD OF A BRITISH STEAM PACKET.

Yours, to the end of the race,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

—

Well, this is a pretty story to be rehearsed (as it will and ought to be) in the ears of the British people, in illustration of American republicanism! It is sickening to remark, that two of the most furious in this mobocratic assault were from Connecticut and New Jersey, nominally free States. How audacious is the pro-slavery spirit of this country! Not content with its almost unobstructed sway here, it claims the right to regulate, on peril of Lynch law, freedom of thought and speech the wide Atlantic over, even up the British channel and on board of British ships! All honor to Capt. Judkins for his manly and resolute conduct in refusing to give up the control of his vessel to a gang of lawless ruffians. An American blackguard, in London, writing in a truly "democratic" vein to the "democratic" Boston Times respecting this disgraceful affair, says that "some low Scotchmen took the negro's part, and told him to give it to the Yankees"—that "Captain Judkins was appealed to, and the negro was not permitted to vomit his foul stuff any longer on the quarter-deck"—that "Captain Judkins should not have permitted this fellow to open his lips"—and that "if there had been a Southerner on board, his (Douglass') *carcass would have been food for sharks*"!! How characteristic!—*Ed. Lib.*

From the Liberator.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY ANTI-TEXAS AND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

This meeting of the friends of freedom and equal rights of all men, growing out of the Waltham observance of the 1st of August, as the anniversary of the extinction of West India Slavery, and gathered for the purpose of preventing the annexation of Texas, and the extension of American Slavery, without distinction of party or sect, at the call of forty-seven of the most distinguished citizens of Middlesex county, was held at Concord, on Monday last, at the court-house.

The meeting, which was composed of the best representatives of the patriotism and intelligence of the county—a very choice gathering of men of every party and sect, was called to order by the Hon. Henry Wilson, of Natick, who read the call for the meeting, published in our last number.

W. A. White, Esq. of Watertown, Rev. B. Frost, of Concord, I. Schouler, Esq. of West Cambridge, Dexter Bucknam, Esq. of Stoneham, —— Hunt, Esq. of Natick, being a committee of nomination, reported for

President—Dr. ELISHA HUNTINGTON, Mayor of the city of Lowell.

Vice-Presidents—Hon. WILLIAM JACKSON, Newton; Hon. STEVENS HAYWARD, Acton.

Secretaries—THOMAS P. HARLOW, Esq. Medford; WILLIAM A. WHITE, Esq. Watertown.

Business Committee—Hon. HENRY WILSON, Natick; E. R. HOAR, Esq. Dr. BARTLETT, Concord; Col. —— LELAND, Sherburne; Rev. CALEB STETSON, Medford.

In the absence of this Committee in the preparation of business, the meeting was addressed by several gentlemen. On motion of

Mr. White, it was voted, that persons present from other counties be invited to take seats and participate in the acts of this Convention.

Rev. B. Frost, of Concord, was glad to see so *many* persons, and *such* persons, present, though we might not mention numbers, since we were strong in better things than numbers. There were present representations of every class of mind in the community; and though differing somewhat as to means, yet all disposed to act, as far as we conscientiously could, together, and all agreeing heartily in unutterable opposition to Slavery. This could not be said to be a popular assembly, nor was this an occasion for mere popular excitement. It was, he hoped, a council of war, in which all were met on a common platform, to express freely their minds—to examine the ground before them—to see from whence to start in the campaign. He hoped the result would be, that we should find more common ground for the union of effort than partisans were apt to discover—that we should at least find ourselves moved by a common spirit—one ardent wish and disposition to oppose the encroachments of the slave-power. He rose at this stage of the proceedings, simply to suggest that no time need be lost while the Business Committee were in session. Gentlemen would, he hoped, improve the time. After a pause of some time, well becoming the gravity and importance of the occasion,

Mr. Garrison rose and spoke with great power and solemnity for a quarter of an hour, expressing the idea that this Convention should have met less for deliberation than for action—more for deeds than for counsel. Both deliberation and counsel we had had abundant of time for. Now was the time to do.

Mr. White, of Watertown, expressed the same conviction in a few emphatic words of rebuke at the slowness of Massachusetts in taking her ground.

Rev. Wm. H. Channing followed, expressing the hope and trust that the hour of her action was at hand, and that her manly, brave, humble, yet heroic hearts, might speedily show the power of peace and love, and the almightiness of humanity.

Mr. Wilson, from the Business Committee, now entered, and presented a series of resolutions, embodying what the Committee had reason to suppose, to be the sense of the Convention at large, as to the crisis now before the country. He would first submit the following resolution:

Resolved, That all propositions, submitted to this Convention, be referred, in the first instance, without debate, to the Business Committee. Adopted.

The following resolutions were then read:

Whereas, nearly 3,000,000 of our fellow-countrymen are held by the laws of a portion of the States of this Republic in involuntary servitude—deprived of those natural and inalienable rights which the Creator has bestowed upon all men—robbed of their humanity, and degraded to the condition of men-property and merchandise; and whereas, the slaveholding States have obtained, by the Constitution of the United States, representation of that species of property, thus combining vast pecuniary interests and political power, and exerting a disturbing element in the civil affairs of the nation, and thus giving them an undue predominance over the policy of the Government; and, whereas, the slave power, for half a century, by its encroachments and aggressions, has trampled upon the rights and interests of the freemen of the Union, disturbing the commercial and business relations of the nation, violating the most solemn treaties, and involving us in wars with the aboriginal inhabitants of the land—refusing to the people the sacred rights of *petition*—restricting by force and unlawful measures the freedom of speech, and liberty of the Press—arresting and selling into Slavery our free colored citizens, guilty of no crime—driving from their soil, by violence, our lawfully appointed agents—making an appeal to the Supreme Court of the Union a penal offence, thus denying the authority of the nation; and, whereas, by an alarming exercise of unauthorized power, the attempt has been made to force a foreign nation into the Union, for the declared purpose of upholding and perpetuating the existence and control of the institution of Slavery, thus pledging the civil and military power of the nation to the support of a system revolting to humanity, and at war with the genius of civilization and the spirit of Christianity; and, whereas, these repeated aggressions of the slave power have put in jeopardy a longer predominance of the principles of *civil liberty* in our Government; and, whereas, the entire destruction of the free elements of the Constitution, thereby distinctly presenting the issue to the people of the free States of an unconditional and pusillanimous submission, or a determined and *constitutional* resistance; therefore,

1. Resolved, That as the Constitution of the United States was established by the people to protect their rights, and secure to them and their posterity the blessings of liberty; any attempt to pervert it from its original and noble purpose should meet the stern and unyielding resistance of every patriot and lover of his race.

2. Resolved, That the right to hold men in bondage and regulate the relation between master and slave, was conceded by the Constitution to the States claiming such rights, all power thus created being exercised within the limits of such States; but as Slavery now assumes to direct the policy of the Government and control the opinions and actions of the people of the free States, such assumption justifying the adoption, by the friends of civil liberty throughout the country, of all just and constitutional means to arrest its extension, destroy its influence, and secure its final overthrow.

3. Resolved, That the power to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia, in the Territories, and those States not included within the territorial limits of the Union at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, and to abolish the domestic slave-trade between the States, is clearly within the province of the General Government; and that the exercise of that power is now demanded by every principle of justice and humanity.

4. Resolved, That the action of the two Houses of Congress, at their last session, inviting the slaveholding nation of Texas to enter the Union, is a clear and palpable violation of the Constitution, an assault upon its compromises, a subversion of those principles upon which the Government was founded, and demands our most vigorous and united efforts to prevent its consummation, and defeat its purposes.

5. Resolved, That Massachusetts should adhere with unshaken fidelity and firmness to her declaration that the "Act of Congress, inviting Texas into the Union will have no binding force upon her;" and that she will "use every lawful and constitutional measure to annul its conditions and defeat its accomplishment; and that she should, by every appropriate act of legislation, continue to regard Texas as a foreign State.

6. Resolved, That even in the event of the final consummation of that nefarious scheme, with all its guilt and danger, there will be no cause of discouragement; but rather in that very fact will be found a most cogent motive for still greater exertion and more efficient action on the part of the friends of freedom to resist these rapid and fearful strides of oppression; who, overlooking party lines and sectional prejudices, shall learn wisdom from the tactics of the enemy, and never rest satisfied until the whole North shall be united in political as well as moral action, in defence of Liberty and opposition to Slavery.

7. Resolved, That we earnestly enjoin upon the friends of civil liberty in our own and other States, to call town, district, county, and State Conventions, to devise measures for the diffusion of information among the people in relation to the evils of the slave system, and the fearful encroachments of its power; and, if possible, secure such organized action as shall be necessary to bring back the Constitution and Government to the objects for which they were instituted, and thus "free our country from the dominion, curse, and shame of Slavery, and make her great and glorious among the nations."

8. Resolved, That the Central Committee of Correspondence appointed at the Convention at Faneuil Hall, be requested to prepare and present to the Congress of the United States, a Protest, in the name of the people of Massachusetts, against the admission of the slaveholding nation of Texas into the Union.

9. Resolved, That we of the North, too, have "*peculiar institutions*" and cherished principles, inherited from our Pilgrim fathers, consecrated by the blood of our revolutionary heroes; that first among them we hold the right of the laborer to the fruits of his toil; a respect for the Constitution and laws, and security under them; the right of every citizen to engage in any lawful [illegible] employment without molestation, and without forfeiting his claims to the consideration and respect of the community; universal education; liberty of speech and opinion; and that great doctrine which lies at the base of the social condition of New England, *that honest industry is honorable, and not degrading*; that of all these principles and institutions, the system of domestic Slavery is the deadly and inexorable foe; that not content with its constitutional limits and securities, it has commenced a war of aggression, and invaded the domains hitherto held sacred to freedom—and that we have the alternative presented to us either to resist these encroachments, or submit to hold all that is most dear to us at the pleasure or the caprice of Southern masters.

10. Resolved, That the annexation of Texas (the act, a violation of the Constitution in its letter and spirit; the avowed purpose, destructive of all the objects for which that Constitution was formed; its tendency, the prostration of Northern industry, and Northern rights before the spirit of Southern domination,) will, if consummated, absolve the North from all constitutional obligations in regard to Slavery; and that whatever action it may seem fit for the people of Massachusetts to adopt, in such an event, one thing we distinctly declare, one purpose we solemnly announce to the South, and to the execution of that purpose pledge ourselves before the country, and before Heaven, that renouncing all compromises, without restraint or hesitation, in our private relations, and in our political organizations, by our voices and our votes, in Congress and out, in the Union or out, we will use all practical means for the extinction of Slavery upon the American continent.

11. Resolved, That this Convention deeply sympathize with Cassius M. Clay, in view of the recent outrage committed upon him and his press; that we rejoice in the prospect of his returning health, and the re-establishment of his journal, and hereby pledge to him our cordial regard, and recommend to the members of this Convention and of the friends of freedom to extend to him their support.

12. Resolved, That Messrs. E. A. Hoar, Elisha Huntington, George S. Boutwell, Henry Wilson, Thomas P. Harlow, William Jackson, Nathan Crosby, Dexter Bucknam, and Stevens Hayward, be a Committee of Correspondence, to confer with the General Committee appointed by the Convention of Faneuil Hall, and with the opponents of Annexation, and of Slavery in other counties of the Commonwealth, and to endeavor to have meetings held, and in other ways to organize an efficient resistance to the measure.

Mr. White inquired whether Texas was considered as actually annexed. The reply might modify the course of the Convention.

Mr. Stetson said that the Business Committee, in preparing resolutions, had gone upon the fact that it was not actually annexed. The forms requisite for final consummation had not yet been passed. The North *might*, therefore, yet say, *No*. If we had a tenth part of the zeal which prevailed when the tea was thrown overboard, that *No* would be forthcoming, and nothing would be more easy than to prevent Annexation.

Hon. Stephen C. Phillips addressed the meeting at length, in support of the resolutions. He had come to unburden his conscience, and to declare his sentiments. He thought this the very time for deliberations, and disagreed with the gentlemen who had preceded him respecting a contrary opinion. Action might—must follow in its proper season; but to make it what it should be, dignified, discreet, and effectual, it should be preceded by deliberation.

Mr. Phillips then described, in a clear and forcible manner, the projects of Texan Annexation, since the meeting in Faneuil Hall, with the instructive, secret history of the last Washington campaign, by which the republic has become virtually a monarchy. Massachusetts had a duty to perform, and she should omit no step in making out her record.

Letters from Charles Adams, Esq. of Boston, and John G. Whittier, Esq. of Amesbury, which could not, for want of time, be read, were ordered to be printed with the proceedings of the meeting, in the Lowell Courier, the paper presumed to have as large a circulation as any in Middlesex county.

The above resolutions were all unanimously adopted.

It was then voted, on motion of Rev. Mr. Stetson, of Medford, that this Convention adjourn to Old Cambridge, on the first Tuesday in October, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

We shall give, next week, a fuller report of all the speeches from Mr. S. C. Phillips, Mr. Channing, Mr. W. A. White, Mr. J. L. L. F. Warren, Mr. Crosby, Mr. E. A. Hoar, and others.

At a late meeting of American geologists in New Haven, Conn. Prof. Shephard expressed the opinion that both diamonds and platina will be found in abundance in the gold region of that State, and also in South Carolina and Georga. This opinion he predicates upon the fact that elastic sandstone has been discovered in some of the western counties of that State, Burk and Buncomb, and in the other States named, and where this is found, it is a geological indication of the prese[illegible] platina. In Hall county, Georg[illegible] mond has been found in one of the go[illegible] posits, worth $35, and another was broken in peices by the workmen.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 2, 1845.

To Delinquent Subscribers.

The Executive Committee have determined to adhere still more closely than they have yet done to the cash principle. Ample time has been given to all to balance their accounts, and the following arrangement may be considered as final:

All persons who owe more than two years will receive no more papers after two months from this date have elapsed, unless they have paid in the meantime to the commencement of their current volume.

NEW-YORK, August 14, 1845.

Anti-Annexation—The Ball in Motion—Mass Convention, for Middlesex County, in Concord, Mass.

The first action in consequence of the Faneuil Hall Meeting last winter, in opposition to the Annexation of Texas, was taken last Monday, as above stated. It was called by forty-seven of the most influential men in the county, of various parties and sects, to meet on the same catholic principles which form the basis on which the American Anti-Slavery Society rests, and therefore, the Abolitionists of the county felt free to come, among the rest, though they made but a very small minority of the Convention, which was composed of Whigs, Democrats, Third party men, and men of no party—though Democrats and Third party men were very few—Evangelicals, Unitarians, and men of all other sects, and of no sect.

It was a choice assemblage, composing more of the intelligence and influence, the official, and ecclesiastical strength of the county, than often meets under one roof. We need but refer to the list of officers of the Convention, to show that the crisis has awakened the last class that a national emergency arouses—the past, present, and prospective incumbents of political, and ecclesiastical office; and these names are but a sample of the body of the Convention, which was, as was remarked by many present,—an assembly "eminently respectable, and weighty."

For a report of the organization of the meeting, and the resolutions it adopted, with great enthusiasm and unanimity, we refer to a preceding column. We give, also, the eloquent and impressive speech of the Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, who, it is well known, is no Abolitionist, in the sense in which we understand the term, though he has never been an opposer of the cause. His state of mind seemed to be the exponent, as far as we could judge, of the great majority of the minds present, though the transcendent eloquence of William F. Channing, the power and solemnity of W. L. Garrison, and the glowing ardor of W. A. White, drew forth enthusiastic expressions of sympathy and applause. Mr. White introduced an expression of a more direct and uncompromising character, which was set aside by an immense majority, no one but the few Abolitionists present, sympathizing fully with its spirit.

But the Convention, as was justly observed by Mr. S. C. Philips, had but just begun to be aware of the danger of the crisis; and we look upon its action under the circumstances, to be of hopeful import and favorable augury to the great cause of freedom. The Faneuil Hall Convention, in the political, and the clerical Conventions of May last, in the ecclesiastical field, were the first instances of sincere, though feeble movement in behalf of the cause, which have been visible in the North, out of the Anti-Slavery ranks proper. Every other previous movement has originated in deadly hostility, assuming the name of friendly interest, the better to defeat and destroy.

Abolitionists, therefore, may feel encouraged, and slaveholders greatly perplexed and disheartened in consequence,—since it is impossible to say how great a matter even a little of *this* fire sometimes may kindle. We felt in this meeting, the existence of the element which never fails finally to destroy the stubble of compromise, and consume all that is not fire-proof, in the foundations it undertakes to search.—C.

The Speech of Mr. Phillips not being ready for the press in season for this paper, we give below those of Messrs. White and Channing. That of Mr. Phillips will appear next week.—G.

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Anti-Texan and Anti-Slavery Middlesex County Mass Meeting.

[REPORTED FOR THE STANDARD.]

Mr. WILLIAM A. WHITE, of Watertown, having moved to amend the series of resolutions, [in the preceding column,] brought forward by the Business Committee, by substituting, instead of all after the word resolved, a proposition for virtual and provisional disunion, the President, Dr. Huntington, ruled that such proposition, though in the form of an amendment, was, in reality, a new proposition, and must as such, revert to the Business Committee, under the rule adopted by the Convention at the outset,—that "all propositions submitted be referred, *in the first instance*, without debate, to the Business Committee."

Mr. White appealed to the house, arguing that his proposition was but the carrying out of one of the resolutions already before the Convention. Mr. S. C. Phillips, of Salem, said this was, in his apprehension, a mere point of order. He thought that, as having been evidently drawn up in haste, this resolution ought, as a mere matter of requisite form, to be, itself, corrected. It lacked legal correctness. It was not in the power of the Governor, for instance, to take the step of directing the Senators and Representatives of Massachusetts to return, in case of annexation.

Mr. GARRISON had voted for the rule by which propositions were to be referred to the Business Committee, but with the understanding that it was to be "*in the first instance only*;" and not for the purpose of suppressing their ultimate consideration. The house sustained the President, and the resolution of Mr. White was referred to the Business Committee.

Mr. E. R. Hoar read two additional resolutions, (9th and 10th in the series.)

Mr. White. Either the last resolution read, means all that mine did, or it does not. I suppose, from the fact of its being received without objection, that it means to leave out the important idea that we have a distinct duty to perform when the Constitution is violated. I like that Constitution in everything but its slavery-clauses, and I offered my resolution for the purpose of ascertaining whether the Convention was ready distinctly to affirm what it seems to me none can help feeling, that with the annexation of Texas comes our release from all constitutional obligations. I learn, from the manner in which my amendment was received, that the Convention flinches from such an affirmation. If they did not mean, by the [illegible] received instead, that after the an[illegible]ation, Massachusetts has nothing more to do with the Union, they have merely uttered an expression of opinion which might be landed throughout the land, from Maine to Georgia, by such as wish nothing to be done in this emergency. I am no great Government man, Mr. President, but I cannot afford to stand silently by and see this Constitution trampled under foot by slaveholders. I wish we could but be as frank and open in our opposition to the extension of Slavery, as they are in their advocacy of it, and cease to wrap up our meaning, if we have any, in such a cloud of words that it is almost impossible to ascertain what they cover. I begin to think that the politician who said words were a means whereby men might conceal their thoughts, has been our model here to-day. We seem to be very much afraid of their *direct* expression. We came here surely to do something more than talk. We hoped to meet brave men and strong men, who would not shrink from the utterance of something that the advocates of Annexation at least would consider as action, by whatever name we might choose to call it. Gentlemen need not be afraid that they have those among them who wish to commit them farther than they have the heart to be committed. They need not fear that it is our purpose to fix the brand of disunion upon them. We merely wish for a distinct understanding of what this Convention means. If Texas is annexed, we say, (if I can attach *any* sense to our language), we will throw up our allegiance. *Do we mean to?* It is an effectual act we have in contemplation. It is an act that strikes at twelve hundred millions of property, and destroys it in an hour. It is *Nullification*: and Slavery cannot exist when the North nullifies. I wish *all* the resolutions might be laid on the table;—I do not care for mine, or for any particular form of words. If we mean that we will not continue to form a part of the Union, Texas being annexed, I want a resolution which shall express that fact,—a resolution, short, open, and to the point. But these resolutions lack point. Any body might adopt them.

The gentleman from Salem said the Union "overshadowed" our land. Sir, I accept the figure. It has done so: it has overshadowed it to the destruction almost of our ability to see facts. Why, I once really thought that the sun could not shine, nor the streams carry the factories, but under the permission of the Union! I really believe now, however, that we should be able to exist 24 hours, even if the Constitution were to be spurned over the Rocky Mountains into the Pacific Ocean. I never saw so plainly as since the virtual Annexation, how easy it would be to get along without it, and how unsafe it is to try to get along *with* it. There is but one difficulty, the lack of determination on the part of the slavish North, to enter at once upon the course she means finally to adopt, without waiting any longer for circumstances to drive her on and direct her.

It is said by philosophers that the vitality of a principle may be known by the spirit of propagandism that it possesses. There is more vitality in Slavery than in Freedom, judging by that rule, and considering the men of the North and the South as representatives of their respective principles. We have had no meetings in Massachusetts to express our indignation at the progress of events. I want the adoption of a resolution that shall make nine-tenths of us pass sleepless nights for a week. I am ready for rank treason to all but God and Liberty! (Vehement applause.) We said "*if* Texas were annexed, the Union *would* be dissolved by the fact;" and now, we ought to say to the world that, Texas being annexed, the Union *is* dissolved. We should *act* this declaration of independence, and not write it merely. Don't let us put it off, Mr. President, till the South commits the very last formality of outrage! I see here, sitting in the midst of you, one of your most honored representatives; and what did he bear homeward from the South not long since? Was it not the torn and tattered roll of the Constitution? You have been shamefully wanting to your venerated functionary; and if he were a man to complain, he might tell you that the people of Massachusetts have deeply wronged him and degraded themselves by their cold delay. New times demand new measures, and new men. I am not here to land the old. There are people enough who are paid for writing eulogies on the past.

I proposed that the moment Annexation takes place, the Governor should direct the return of our Senators, and Representatives in Congress. The gentleman from Salem continues to speak of what is legal and technical, on this subject, even while he tells us that all legal and constitutional obligation and precedent have been set aside.—Are we to be so scrupulous even in forms, while the South knows neither reverence for right, nor respect for legal formality? She surely has absolved us from all this, and we can proceed as we find best. Why, what would men like Samuel Adams, have done in such a case? They would have left instantly, gentlemen! And I am not for following any less excellent example, than the withdrawal of all sympathy in form, where it has ceased to exist in fact. It *ought* to be unnecessary to request the Governor to do any such thing. Every officer of Massachusetts ought to know, instinctively, what to do. The business *now* is, to *make* precedents;—not follow them. The Governor's direction *ought* to be unnecessary, for our Senators, and Representatives ought to know enough to come home without it, on such provocation. But let them be sent for! If the mandate reaches Washington three or four days after they have turned their backs upon it, no harm is done; while, if it finds them there, it surely was needed. We need not, in consequence of our abjuring the Constitution of the United States, be left without a Government. I want Conventions of the people to be called continually, to discuss the subject of the formation of a new one. I want a great Government, and a good Government, for a free, and great people like this! I want Massachusetts to have one more chance of standing where she ought to stand in the scale of Commonwealths. I want her to act after the enlightenment of seventy years of experience. When they entered into this Union with the South, our fathers did not know that the spot tainted with their compromise, must spread over the whole, or rot out, as it is doing,—to be cut away and cast out, I trust.

I have seen a mighty tree, flourishing in apparent strength, in the admiring eyes of the beholder; but, rotten at the heart, it was the emblem of our great, and seemingly mighty country. Like it we may at any hour, fall like the merest sapling. Let us be thankful that, unlike the tree, a nation has the capability of renovation. Let us do our utmost to effect that most desirable object. Every great political or religious meeting shows us the need. See our great religious body, receiving with one hand money for heathen, and giving absolution to the giver for making heathen, with the other! I am for sending the Gospel to the heathen, but I am for no one-sided application of its principles. I think we should send the Gospel to those heathen-men, Calhoun, and McDuffie, by our action to-day. We should thus stay the fatal infection of Slavery. We should put a stop to the contagion of those *putrid men*, its advocates, who go about spreading this worse than yellow fever in the community. We were guilty in that we ever suffered it. But however, we may have imagined ourselves constitutionally bound in former days, that obligation is now swept away. I can sympathize with those to whom allusion has been made, whose cherished sympathies and associations will be wounded by the requisite action. I too have associations, and remembrances; but don't let us weep over the dead, when the time has arrived for the performance of duty to the living. Till the rights of the living are secured, I will not waste time in weeping over the past. The Constitution has been swept away—abolished in a thousand ways; by the refusal of the right of petition, by the restriction of the liberty of the press, by the suppression of freedom of speech, by the treatment of our colored fellow-citizens, by the outrages upon our officers, and agents, and now, by the Annexation of Texas; and I call on you all, my countrymen, my *countrymen*, and my countrywomen, (*turning to the right on which sat a numerous assemblage of ladies*,) to take decisive action from this hour, and fear not that Massachusetts, that the entire North, will not come to your support, if your conscientious firmness of conduct shows that you deserve it. [Applause.]

MR. WHITE, was followed by Mr. J. L. L. F. Warren, in a speech that sounded painfully like pro-slavery; and Mr. Crosby succeeded, in one that could not be called *thoroughly* Anti-Slavery. The next speaker was

REV. W. H. CHANNING.—This day has worn to an end, and we have not yet begun to look at the question in the practical light! This meeting was called to express a sentiment supposed to have been gathering, and strengthening a whole year, respecting a state of things which we have all been lamenting, and acknowledging; and now we are met, we talk of deliberation, and waiting to be directed by circumstances!

Oh, honored friends! have you indeed said, that you have nothing with which to meet such a crisis as this, but *moderate resolutions!* I call you to witness the result your words produce on our minds. We are all *but* persuaded, that the slanderers of this State are right, and that the spirit of the ancient time, is indeed extinguished on the spot where we had looked to find it bursting into flame!

But I will not believe it. I will not believe, however excellent and necessary deliberation may be in its season, that you are met here *merely* to deliberate, when the hour of deliberation has long since gone.

Oh, Sir! (turning to the Hon. S. C. Phillips,) did you not yourself tell us, that in 1835, you saw all this in sure perspective, and that your mind had never changed in the certainty of its apprehensions?—and did you not all (turning to the assembly) full surely know, that the South kept steady to her deadly purpose, and would never relinquish it, while your sluggishness continually gave her encouragement? Yes—she went on, still on—and we *calmly* beheld, and *moderately* resolved, and consistently maintained throughout, the course that proclaimed us the *deliberate, philosophical* gentlemen that we are; [applause] and, now the South has put her foot upon our neck, and *smiled* upon us!

Why who that heard you, Sir, is not convinced that the deed is done that has prostrated the republic! Louis XIV. could only say, in the plenitude of his absolute monarchy, "*L'etat! c'est moi!*" and who has said it in these States! James K. Polk, is it not? "I am the State," he says, in every step of the whole transaction that brands us subjects—no longer citizens! Does any man pretend that the President has a right to send troops to the river Bravo! Shame on the Democrats, that have given themselves up to be the servile ministers of his despotism! Shame on the Whigs, who suffer the Constitution to be used in his hand as a baton to lead them on in this path, to degradation and destruction!

Whigs and Democrats! What are you going to do today! Your duty? That, as partisans, you have not done, and what is more, you know you *will* not do it!

What does the South, with your help, mean to do next! Hark, how the New-York Herald *heralds* it to the whole Anglo-Saxon people, and how they all swarm and gather throughout the land, to the note; swelling up to the very tip of their idea of the glory of that old pirate race!—"Not Texas only, but Oregon!—but Mexico!—but California!"—annex it all, Sir! down to the very Isthmus of Darien! Hearken now to the voice that responds to the centre from the West! Hear it from the city of St. Louis! "If James K. Polk *would only give us men*, Missouri would give him Santa Fé! We would take it by a *coup de main*."

Well, Sir! solemnly I ask it, have you, in view of all these signs of the times, a doubt what will be the action of the United States one year hence? I must, if you doubt, question the soundness of the judgment by which you infer the future from the past.

I see it all, Sir, by the way in which men's minds yield before the gathering and increasing pressure! I am not—I would not be personal—I speak but out of the clear prophetic heart; but how can I help seeing the future growing out of the past? The very man who could, but recently, oppose in Congress the ravages of despotic power, *now dares*, in Massachusetts!—in Faneuil Hall!—to proclaim it the *duty* of him who loves his country, to oppose no longer!—and the walls did not cry out against him!

I am not speaking now out of personality—let the name be forgotten that has been so dishonored; and think only of the deed so basely done in prospective view of a possible mission to St. James's, some fifteen years hence, or some preferment nearer home, perchance! If *he* could so change his course,—deny his principles,—betray his country,—disgrace his name,—what have not the best of us to dread of the ever-strengthening current of temptation flowing from the slave-power? I do not think it sane for any man to hope that he shall be able to sustain the weight of the evil he suffers to accumulate, without assailing it. I do not think that man in his right mind, who does not see that in the event of the continuance of the present state of things, men shall all become the slaves of the capitalists that will buy them! I speak to *you*, and *you*, and *you*, friends!—to *myself*: are we stronger men and better men than those that have already become mercenaries under the tempting promises of the South to open new markets to our lust of gain?

Oh, how are the noblest of us dishonored! Not the meanest underling of the South, but may insult them.—See what James Hamilton,—a mere mockery of a great man—an empty blown-up bubble, can dare to address to the intellectual giant of the North:—"You don't *understand* this matter, Sir. Speak to your friend Abbot Lawrence—ask your friend Mr. Appleton, Mr. Webster!—*They* will explain to you the whole mystery, and all this commotion will die away." The dwarf!—not that high in comparison!—What power had he to make the giant take his insults! The Devil is still strong through Texas scrip, as he always has been. He spoke as those do who know their power. *Was he a Prophet?*—OR NOT! (enthusiastic applause.) Before three years were past, what he predicted was done. The power of capital was felt by the people—the hope of shaving with it, hoodwinked their eyes,—every man making ten dollars this year, where last year he made but five dollars, is learning the trick:—and what matters it that Slavery reigns—that Freedom is dishonored—that the North is subjugated—that rights are crushed, and duties forgotten,—that God frowns, and an astonished world looks on! (great applause.)

The South understands the weakness of the men of the North, and she plays skilfully upon their selfish hopes and fears. Oh how weak and how selfish does she find them! The reason why you of the Whig and you of the Democratic party are so cold, so slow, so irresolute, and undecided, is, that you fear, *and you know it perfectly well*, to lose political party influence. (Strong sensation; vehement applause, from a section of the house.)

If Slavery is to extend its talons and cupidity to strengthen its grasp, and both find new fields to devastate, at will, there is but one course of action becoming even *moderate* men, friend Wilson, [turning to the Hon. Henry Wilson, who had recommended moderation.] It is all in vain to talk of loyalty to the Constitution. We might, *if there were one*. We might bring the nation before the Supreme Court, if there were one. As it is, we can but say, while we gather up our garments from the polluting touch of iniquity—"Oh, Nation! though the Constitution be no more, you still exist; and we demand of you a bond of union for freemen only, and in which freemen only can unite. Then we shall have subjected the body politic to the amputation that alone can preserve its existence. Then we might have a union pure and white. Then we might stand firm in the searching inquisition of a surrounding world. But we are ruined—ruined, now! What use have we for the terms loyalty and allegiance! There is not a man at this hour, more loyal than I, to the principles of right, but while they remain prostrated, take me not for a fanatic, but a Christian and Republican, when I tell you that the only way in which you can respond to the hope of the world, or justify yourselves in the eye of heaven, is to proclaim that though Slavery has destroyed the Constitution; freedom shall preserve the Union. (Loud cheers.)—

When our friend who addressed you at the opening of this season, [Hon. STEPHEN C. PHILLIPS,] alluded, with so noble a burst of feeling, to the assertion on the part of the unworthy, that the feeling awakened by this crisis might *pass over*, the word caught my ear, and in a slightly differing sense rested on my heart as in truth a word of very prophecy. It is the very word. *Now* is our passover! Out of this Egypt of corruption, this land of darkness, must all who would escape the doom of Egypt go! Linger not for the pleadings of your selfish interests; delay not for the temptations of the times; and when the Lord passes through the land to execute judgment, for the vindication of his name, look to it that upon your lintels be [illegible] sacrifice! (General and enthusiastic cheers.) The paschal Lamb, of the Jewish Passover, may fitly represent the sacrifice we must put upon the altar, in peace, and love, and innocence, in order to effect the high and noble union of Freemen! (Continued applause.)

The Repealers.

I said a good word in their behalf last week, of which I half repent me. At least, the praise I gave them belongs rather to individuals than to the whole body. It may be,—I trust it is so—that the noble conduct of John O'Connell, James Haughton, and some others of their prominent men, meets with the approbation and the sympathy of the great mass of the Repealers. Certainly it would seem so, from the character of the meeting at Conciliation Hall, reported in last week's Standard. It seems also, as certain that the plain, outspoken, indignant rebuke of these men, does not receive the sanction of others of their leading associates.

In the pro-slavery column of to-day's paper, is an article from the "Nation," the organ of the Repeal Association. It is a base and truckling apology for Slavery in the United States, for all that the Repealers have ever said in its condemnation, and no doubt is intended to soothe the irritation which slaveholders may feel under the rebuke of the O'Connells and others, and to swell the amount of donations from this country to the "Rent." The "Nation" is identifying itself—and through it the Repealers—with the pro-slavery of our Northern States. The slaveholders having nothing more to ask than that men will acknowledge that the difficulties in the way of emancipation are so great, that they are for the present insurmountable. They do not demand that we shall acknowledge it to be right, but only that it cannot be immediately abolished. They will very readily pardon us for declaring it to be wrong, provided that we will at the same time declare that the sin belonged to a past age, and that they are the victims of unfortunate circumstances. Separate the sin from the sinner, and condemn the one, but excuse the other, and the slaveholders will pat you on the back as a capital fellow of most discriminating judgment. The Nation knows this as well as we do, and is looking for a reward of its treachery to liberty, in enthusiastic Repeal meetings, and heavy donations from them in New Orleans and Charleston. It hopes that this "sop to Cerberus" will appease the monster for the heavy blows which Daniel O'Connell from time to time, and more recently his son, have dealt him. It knows very well, too, that the Repealers will not be put to the trouble of sending back donations to this country, if they deal faithfully with the giant tyranny that overshadows our land, for they will receive none unless they barter for them their own manliness. And this, to their shame be it spoken, they seem disposed to do.

There is, however, some comfort, when men will be knaves for hire, to see them lose their price. The "Nation" may be assured that the market is closed. He offers the Repeal movement for sale when there are no buyers. The upright and manly conduct of the O'Connells and their friends, have already settled the question. The Southerners could not stand their rebukes, and have dissolved their associations,—and the Northerners are not much behind them. They will not be lured back by soft words now, and the "Nation" brings his wares for sale, where he will be laughed at for his pains. He had better have saved his credit *for virtue*, when *to part from it* only brings him contempt.

This new view of the matter, however, serves to place in a still more honorable light the character of those men who have not been seduced by any hope of pecuniary gain, to sacrifice the principles on which their movement is professedly based. O'Connell, Haughton, and the rest, are deserving of even more praise than our last paper gave them, when we find that the noble position they maintained is in direct hostility to the strong influences by which they are surrounded. It is to be hoped that they will be sustained by the great body of the Repealers, and the contemptible sycophancy of the "Nation" repudiated.

The following extract from a letter from an esteemed friend in Dublin, sheds some further light upon the character of "Young Ireland." The documents referred to are those we published last week.—G.

"I also, and furthermore, and in addition to other effusions, send a slip of a correspondence between our august Society and John O'Connell, M. P. in reference to the really noble stand in opposition to American Slavery, made by him lately in Conciliation Hall. James Haughton will send you his speech; it is well worth reading. You will appreciate his courage when I tell you that the writers of "The Nation"—the Young Ireland party, who comprehend nine-tenths of all the talent the Repealers possess, excepting that share which lies inside Daniel O'Connell's cranium, are rank pro-slavery, in your sense of the word. Their feeling is one of utter indifference to principle, and of disregard to the slavery of the colored race provided they can conciliate and requite the sympathy of the American whites, on any terms, so that when the time and opportunity of England's weakness and difficulty occur they may be able to look with confidence to the slaveholders and pro-slavery public of America for substantial aid in an effort to break the bonds which unites this country to Great Britain. Were ever greater blunderers known, or more brutal ignorance of the teachings of common sense? It might as truly be said to the Irish Repealers of their leaders—as to the Israelites of old, when they were shown their molten idols—"These be thy gods, oh Israel—blind and deaf, and sullen." The Nation is a clever paper—full of good poetry and tremendous swagger—and bloody sentiments, and falsifications of history—and the writers of all this, are the men that look forward to the day when American soul-drivers and the murtherers of the Arabs, will come to their aid against the tyranny and cruelty of Great Britain. It is deplorable to think how easily and how foolishly whole nations are led by the nose.

"Why don't you go South?"

The best reason for not going is that we have not converted the North yet. We have work enough to do here so long as Northern churches refuse to treat Slavery as a sin, and slaveholders as sinners—so long as they thrust the free colored people into the corners of the meeting-house, and make it a condition of owning pews that one portion of the people shall be excluded from them—so long as ministers of the Gospel head mobs—and so long as religious newspapers are ignorant of the first principles of Christianity. We are wanted at the North till the Democratic party is democratic enough to, at least, begin to doubt whether they are not most unmitigated tyrants, till the Whigs learn that very poor declamation will never abolish Slavery, and till both are certain that they are the real slaveholders. We cannot go South till we can leave a free land behind us, and be certain that any poor fugitive who may find his way Northward, will not be hunted like a dog from kennel to kennel, and that nobody will be put in prison for assisting him to his inalienable rights. We cannot go there so long as you mob us here, nor till you can cease telling the South your abominable lies about us, and acknowledge us at home to be something better than fanatics and scoundrels. We will go "South," as soon as we are obliged to go the other side of Mason and Dixon's line to find it. As it is we have got "South" here now, all around us, and have our hands full.

Sometimes, however, we hear of some trifling occurrence at the South, which is another reason for not visiting it. If C. M. Clay will not be tolerated in his native town, it is not worth while for us to go there. Here is another one of these reasons, which I cut from the Staunton (Va.) Democrat, of the 2d instant. It will be seen the editor is as pious as anybody:

DARING OF ABOLITIONISM.—This fell spirit has made its appearance among us. The grand jury of this county, on Wednesday last, indicted the Rev. Mr. Wagener, of this county, for preaching, a short time ago, an inflammatory abolition sermon, in the hearing of a large portion of our slave population. It is to be regretted that this matter ever happened; that any minister of the Gospel of Peace, should so far forget the dignity of his station, and the benignity of that religion which he professes to preach, as to desecrate the pulpit consecrated to the worship of the God of Love, by proclaiming from that holy place such sentiments, and seeking to inculcate principles which, he must know, would but produce strife, discord, and contention among men; and so far disregard, not only the dictates of reason and propriety, but the laws of the land, as to seek to promulgate, in this portion of our Confederacy, the destructive and hell-born doctrines of abolitionism. We refrain from saying more, as the whole subject will be brought before the proper tribunal, where we doubt not the reverend gentleman will be dealt with justly and fairly.

This Week's Paper.

A new paper, called the Daily Globe, has recently made its appearance in this city. It is edited by Levi D. Slamm, and professes—and I believe its claim is unquestioned—to be the organ of the more radical portion of the Democratic party of New-York. The editor has long been known as a distinguished leader of the "Simon Pure" Democrats. We introduce him to our readers to-day, in that mirror of religious hypocrisy and political scoundrelism, the pro-slavery corner.

In the prospectus of the paper we have the following announcement of its character and purpose:

* * * * In a word the editor will endeavor to make *The Globe* an advocate and exponent of the policy and views of the Democratic party, giving to the general administration the warmest support, when its action is not inconsistent with the principles or circumstances, upon which it came into power.

It may as well be said here, as at another time, and the present aspect of the politics of this State warrants it, that *The Globe* will be the uncompromising opponent of Abolitionism in whatever form it may present itself, or by whomsoever it may be encouraged, or whenever and wherever it may be agitated. If this question is to be temporized with and traded upon, it will not be by consent of the editor of this paper, nor does he believe the great mass of the Republican party of the North will yield their assent. * * * * * *

A portion of the proof of how well it redeems its pledge, is before our readers. All this venom, and much more like it, it has emitted in the course of the first week of its existence. Its future course will keep the promise with which it has begun. It is bound to do so, for it belongs to a genus which has existed as long as the world has, and which must obey the law of its being, so long as there is any wickedness left to subserve; which is the bound servant of the devil, and can have in it therefore, neither Christianity, Democracy, nor common humanity. Its pretensions to either are sheer humbug. It is a tyrant by nature, a hypocrite by choice, and of course a coward. It hates the negro because they are lowly and oppressed, and would hate and trample on any other class just as readily, in the same position. In England, it is the loudest defender of the rightfulness of whipping naked women and children to their work in the dark coal-pits; in France, it cries out against the innovator, who would give the peasantry better food than the roots and acorns of the forest, or better beds than its leaves; in Russia, it knows no higher social state than serfdom; and anywhere and everywhere, it is the chiefest enemy of the rights of man. Its highest idea of liberty, is licence for itself and its fellows. It is a born aristocrat in the worst sense of the term, and maintains its own ascendency by living on the toil of those on whom it tramples. Here, in the United States, it is the ready and willing tool of the meanest and most cruel tyranny—Slavery. It takes the name of democracy, the better to do its wicked work. The Globe is its fit exponent. It is not the enemy of the negro only; the laboring man of whatever color has no bitterer foe. Let them beware everywhere of this sham democracy, and its true organ, the Globe. It is despotism in disguise, and fattens on human woe, and gloats over human blood, and the sighs and groans of oppressed humanity are sweetest music to it.

There is no need of replying to the combined ribaldry and falsehood, of this contemptible paper. All true men will avoid it, and the party it represents, as they would a pestilence. I trust the charge it brings against the Whigs, of being favorable to such an amendment of the Constitution, as will restore the right of suffrage to the colored people, will prove true. The Democrats may well look to their ascendency in this State, if they dare oppose such a measure.

The report of the slaveholders' meeting in Maryland, is another of the thousand answers to the cavil, that the Abolitionists have put back the day of Emancipation.—The work of reforming public opinion must begin at a distance from the chief seat of the evil, and must be met with opposition, at last from the slaveholders. If they are not ready now, to abolish Slavery, when a revolution has taken place in the public sentiment of the North—no matter from what cause—how could they have been nearer to it ten years ago?

Our Pennsylvania friends, and the Friends every where, will read with interest the report of the Ohio Yearly Meeting. Pro-slavery Quakerism, is as great a paradox as pro-slavery Democracy.

Nobody will fail to read Frederic Douglass's excellent letter. Mobbed by Americans on board a British vessel, within a day's sail of the coast of England, no wonder he was ashamed of the country he had run away from.

We have filled the fourth page of this week's paper, with "Dawn Island," to the exclusion of "Marie." As we can finish it by so doing, in one more number, "Marie" will be suspended for that time, that the readers of the Standard may have the first perusal of this interesting story.

Marlboro Conference Again.

The last Freeman contains the following letter from J. Fulton, Jr. with a request that the Standard would copy:

ERCILDOUN, 9th mo. 15, 1845.

FRIEND MCKIM—This body assembled agreeable to adjournment on 7th day last. The Committee appointed for that purpose at a previous meeting, reported an address to the Society of Friends, declaratory of their sentiments, which was read and carefully examined, and discussed throughout the day, without coming to a decision. Believing that further time for reflection might be profitable, an adjournment of the meeting was proposed and united with to 7th day, the 18th of next month, when the address will be finally acted upon. At this meeting a very general harmony of opinion prevailed, but the day seemed too short to give the subject that minute examination its importance demanded—and further, no timely notice of the meeting having appeared, many interested friends had forgotten the day, and were consequently absent.

I was desired to give a brief outline of the general tenor of the address, that friends abroad might learn its character, but thy editorial in the last Freeman has sufficiently anticipated me. Suffice it to say, that it will be decreed *by our opponents*, as the most obnoxious kind of come-outism.

Let all interested, fail not to attend the next meeting, as it will be one of absorbing interest.

J. FULTON, JR.

A Good Example.

A letter from a friend brings me the gratifying intelligence that Wm. Bowditch, Esq. of Boston, has returned his commission to the Governor of Massachusetts, because of the oath to the United States Constitution which is required to hold it. An act of this kind, done in obedience to the dictates of conscience, is worthy of all praise, and is, beside, a cheering sign of the progress of our principles. It is of greater influence upon the pro-slavery of both North and South, than a hundred votes.

JOHN B. GOUGH.—Mr. Gough has at length made a statement of facts in relation to his recent wandering from the path of temperance. It is in effect that which he first made, and which was given in the Standard a fortnight since. A glass of soda which he drunk with a stranger, claiming to be an old acquaintance and fellow-workman, was drugged, and he sought refuge, during the delirium that followed, in the house where he was found. He knows nothing of what transpired from the time he entered the house till taken from it by his friends.

ELECTION RETURNS.—In New Hampshire there is no choice. Maine has gone for the Democrats by a decreased majority from last year.

☞ We have receive the first two numbers of a little paper called the "Circumstance." It is published in Rochester, and edited by E. W. Capron.

Recent Publications.

THE YOUNG MAN'S MENTOR; ON HIS ENTRANCE INTO LIFE; WITH RULES FOR HIS GENERAL CONDUCT, AFTER LEAVING SCHOOL. *The whole intended to assist in forming and strengthening his intellectual and moral character. Revised and corrected, by a friend to American Youth. Published by William H. Graham, No. 160 Nassau street.* 1845.

The title of this little book is a description of its character. It seems to be a compilation from the many works which have been written on the various topics of which it treats, from Lord Chesterfield to the present day.—There is some worldly wisdom in it, some sensible advice, some that is not so, and a great deal that is not needed by those who will be likely to read it, and never read by those who do. Like most books of its class, it aims chiefly at forming an artificial character, based rather upon expediency than any higher motive. Those, however, who think it best to be well-behaved and virtuous, because it is pretty and profitable, will find that this work will answer their purpose.

VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED, No. 10. *Philadelphia, J. Miller McKim.*

The present number is almost entirely filled with poetry by William H. Burleigh, Henry Ellison, Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell. Some of the poems are old favorites by general consent. This compilation of "Voices" loses none of its interest; and the publication is a valuable one for preserving many fugitive pieces that would otherwise be lost, and particularly so to those who have not the means for obtaining the entire works of many authors. All the numbers are for sale at this office.—Bound together they will make a volume worth having.

New-York Medical Intelligencer, or Eclectic Gazette. The first two numbers of a work with the above title, have been laid upon our table. The object of this publication, as stated in the prospectus, is to supply a want for medical intelligence, which the European Journals cannot satisfy. The intention of the editor, is to give a work which shall be made up from such compilations from the foreign journals, as shall be important to readers this side the Atlantic, and from original contributions, which shall have a general value. The plan seems to be, to make it to the medical world, what Littell's "Living Age" is to the general reader. The two numbers issued, are filled with a great variety of papers upon curious subjects. It will be, no doubt, a valuable work for medical men. D. S. Meikleham, M. D. of this city, is editor, and it is published by J. W. Wadleigh, No. 563 Broadway. It is to be issued every alternate Wednesday, at $2 per annum, payable in advance.

THE COVENANTER, devoted to the PRINCIPLES OF THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. EDITED BY JAMES M. WILSON.

The October number of this periodical is received. The work is a valuable one to all Covenanters, and there is much of interest in it to those who are not. It takes high ground on the Anti-Slavery, and Temperance questions; and it is the organ of the only ecclesiastical organization, so far as I know, in this country, which is entirely consistent with its own principles, in the former of these movements. It is published monthly, at $1 per annum, payable in advance.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—I am indebted to the Secretary for the Sixth Annual Report of the Society, presented at its general meeting, held in the Hall of Commerce, London, on the 17th May last. It is a valuable document, giving a succinct history of the action of the Society for the past year, and of the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause throughout the world. An Appendix is added, which contains a report of the speeches made at the annual meeting. The expenditures of the Society for the past year, have been 1913*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.*

With the Report, I received an interesting pamphlet of a dozen pages, "on the results of Emancipation in the British Colonies." Some extracts will be made from it as soon as we have room.

NARRATIVE OF JONATHAN WALKER. *Written by himself. Boston Anti-Slavery Office, 25 Cornhill.*

Captain Walker's book was published, I believe, several weeks since, but I have not noticed it, as I had not seen it. A few copies are now for sale at this office.—From the mere glance I have given it, I do not doubt that it is deeply interesting.

ADDRESS OF MR. MAY, on *Emancipation in the British West Indies*: delivered in the first Presbyterian Church in Syracuse, August 1st, 1845.

This excellent Address, which was published by the request of those who listened to it, is for sale at this office and at the Anti-Slavery office in Philadelphia. Those who wish it, must supply themselves, as the number on hand is very small.

☞ Notice. ☜

A meeting of the Abolitionists of this city, who some weeks since voted to form a society, will be held at this office, 142 Nassau street, to-morrow evening, at half-past 7 o'clock. A punctual and full attendance of our friends is exceedingly desirable.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

From the New Orleans Picayune, Extra, Sept. 18.

Later from Texas—Disastrous Steamboat Explosion!—Loss of Life!—Important Texan Ordinance.

The steamship Alabama arrived at an early hour this morning, having sailed from Aransas, on the 15th instant. She brings us the news of a deplorable steamboat catastrophe.

On the 12th instant, the steamer Dayton burst her boilers when about half way between Corpus Christi, and St. Joseph's Island. There were between thirty and forty persons on board, including United States soldiers, and the hands attached to the boat. Ten individuals were killed on the spot, including among them, Lieuts. Wiggins and Berry, of the 4th regiment of Infantry. Seventeen were wounded, some of whom were not expected to survive their injuries. Captain Crossman, the Quarter Master, was on board, together with two other officers. They were blown to the distance of one hundred yards, but were not severely injured. Captain Crossman had one of his legs somewhat bruised, but the next day was able to walk and attend to his business. We have been unable to obtain a list of those who were killed and wounded.

There is no important news from the army under Gen. Taylor.

We have received an entire copy of the State Constitution of Texas, as adopted by the Convention. Attached to it, is an Ordinance of vast importance in regard to grants of Texas lands. It will be submitted to the people at the same time as the Constitution. We copy it entire, and it is all we have time to do, and save the mail just closing:

AN ORDINANCE.

WHEREAS, various contracts have been entered into by the President of the Republic of Texas, with divers individuals, with the expressed intention of colonizing an enormous amount of the public domain of Texas; and, whereas, it is believed, that said contracts are unconstitutional, and, therefore, void from the beginning, and if carried out would operate as a monopoly of upwards of a million of acres of the public domain of Texas, in the hands of a few individuals—when, in truth, the citizen soldiers, and creditors of the Republic of Texas had, by the laws and Constitution of said Republic, a clear and indisputable previously subsisting right to locate upon public domain, thus attempted to be assigned to said contractors:

SEC. 1. *Therefore it is hereby ordained and declared,* That it shall be the duty of the Attorney General of this State, or the District Attorney of the district in which any portion of the colonies may be situate, as soon as the organization of the State shall be completed, to institute legal proceedings against all contractors, &c. &c. [The bill provides for the protection of actual settlers.]

SEC. 2. *Be it further ordained,* That the Legislature is hereby restrained from extending any contract for settling a colony, and from relieving a contractor from the failure of the conditions, or the forfeiture accruing from non-compliance with the contract.

SEC. 3. *And be it further ordained,* That this Ordinance shall be presented to the people for their adoption, or rejection, at the same time that this Convention shall be presented to them, and the returns of the votes taken on this Ordinance, etc. etc.

Adopted in Convention, 17th August, 1845.

THOMAS J. RUSK, President.

JAMES H. RAYMOND, Secretary.

From Hayti.

Advices from Cape Haytien to the 10th of September, have been received at Philadelphia. They relate chiefly to the progress of the miserable war between the Haitians and the Dominicans, which seems to have gone lately altogether to the advantage of the former. There had been no fighting on land since the capture of Laxavon, a frontier town, by the Haitians, but on the water, a couple of Dominican schooners had been run on shore and abandoned, on the approach of the Haitian squadron, consisting of four vessels, mounting twenty guns. The Haitians burned one of the schooners, and got the other off.

On the 25th of August, President Pierrault declared all the Dominican ports in a state of blockade, and denounced confiscation against vessels coming from any of them; which would bear hard upon American vessels.

The Haitian navy comprises seven vessels—one bark and six schooners—carrying thirty-two guns. They were at Cape Haytien on the 8th of September, but destined, it was said, on an expedition against Port au Platt.

There had been some popular disturbances at Jeremie, occasioned by the non-fulfilment of some alleged promises to make grants of land; at first the tumult was quelled by a military demonstration, attended with some loss of life, but it was reported at Cape Haitian that it had been renewed. It was also said that the French consul-general at Port Republican had been ordered to leave the island, as well as the vice-consul at Cape Haytien, on account of their alleged countenance given to ex President Herard, when he made his futile attempt from Jamaica. Business much interrupted; coffee 16, and exceedingly scarce; doubloons $51 a 52.

From Jamaica.—The neighborhood of Spanish Town, had been visited by a thunder storm, and heavy shower, which were very acceptable, as the neighborhood had been suffering from severe drought.

Earthquake.—A smart shock of an earthquake, continuing for several seconds, was felt in this city on Sunday afternoon, at a few minutes before three o'clock.—This vibration (accompanied by a rumbling noise) was from east to west. The excessive heat had prepared us for something unusual, but we hope that this will not be succeeded by others.—*Kingston Journal, Aug.* 26.

Dominica.—The weather, the Dominica papers say, has been excessively wet during the latter part of July. The rains, which have been very heavy, continued night and day. The roads have been much injured in some parts by inundations of the rivers, though, generally speaking, little damage has been done.

Drought in Antigua.—Our fellow-subjects in Antigua, appear to have been suffering more from the effects of drought than we had the misfortune to suffer during those we have recently experienced on this side of the island. The whole of the papers from this island, report the continuation of drought, which has caused considerable fears for the next crop.

General Items.

The Mormon War.

Progress of the Civil War—One of the Anti-Mormons Killed.—The following extract from a letter to the St. Louis Republican from the editor of that paper, brings later intelligence respecting the Mormon War. Blood has already been shed!

WARSAW, Wednesday morning, Sept. 17.

I reached here this morning about 5 o'clock. At this place and at Quincy, I find a state of excitement of which it is very hard to give a just description, for there are all kinds of reports and stories afloat. As well as I can gather the facts at Quincy and here, they are substantially these:—The citizens, under the style of Anti-Mormons, have determined to drive the Mormons out of the county. The first difficulty commenced in Adams County, which adjoins Hancock in what is known as Morley Settlement, or Precinct. In this quarter, which is near the town of Lima, a party has been out burning the Mormon houses, barns, stacks, &c.

In this war of extermination, they include not only the Mormons, but all who are suspected of favoring the Mormon cause, or of harboring Mormons about them. The reports vary very much as to the number of houses burned. At Quincy, the number was stated at from fifty to sixty; but I think this a large estimate. The anti-Mormons, I am told, are divided into two companies. One is known as the "*Fire and Sword*" Company—whose duty it is to set fire to Mormon buildings, and drive the occupants off. The other division act as spies and guards, generally not appearing or taking a very prominent part. I am told that a company of the "Fire and Sword" men were out in the Morley Settlement on Saturday, and on their return they reported that they had burnt thirty-three houses, and had got through before supper. At Quincy, it was reported that among the buildings burned was a mill, and that in a conflict between the parties one or two Mormons were killed, and three or four wounded. I do not know how much reliance to place in these reports, but from the excitement, I think them not improbable.

Still later.—The Republican of the 20th, contains another letter from the editor, at Warsaw, giving farther accounts of the disturbances at that place. It will be seen by the following paragraph that there is now a prospect of an adjustment of the difficulties between the contending parties.

The *Twelve Elders*, or principal men of the Mormons, have addressed a proposition to the Anties, which was received this evening, and which, I trust, may put a final end to this war. The Twelve propose that they will leave Nauvoo and the county next Spring, provided hostilities are suspended and the vexatious suits which they charge the Anties to have instituted against them are withdrawn, and they are allowed peacefully to dispose of their property and prepare for their removal. They have appointed a committee of five to correspond with a committee of an equal number on the part of the old settlers. This proposition is well received by many of the citizens of Warsaw, and if they do not reject it because of the language in which it is addressed to them, (they thinking it disrespectful,) it will most likely lead to a settlement, and to the removal of the Mormons from among them. It is very desirable that this should be the result.

The editor of the Republican thinks, from a careful observation, that from 70 to 100 houses have been destroyed by the Anti-Mormons.

Green's Confession.—The confession of Green, the murderer, is copyrighted, and is published. He states that his first thought of murder was during a sleigh-ride to Hoosic, and that the circumstance which gave rise to that thought, was *something said to him by a girl* on that occasion in a jocose manner, and upon which he put a wrong construction. He first gave his wife two opium pills, but the dose was too large, and vomiting was produced. It was after this that he administered the arsenic. It has been generally supposed that he procured the paper of arsenic on the Sunday that Daniel E. Dennison furnished him with the key to the store, when he said he wanted to get some oats for his horse. This is a mistake. Green says that he got the arsenic at a time when the store was open—that at this time there were several people in the store—*and that he slily, and unperceived by any one, put his hand into the jar, and took one paper of arsenic.* These are the only points not disclosed on the trial.—*Mirror.*

The Abduction Case.—The Supreme Court of Virginia commenced its session in Wood county, on the 1st ultimo. An indictment was found against the abducted citizens of Ohio by the grand jury, the prisoners were remanded for trial, and the case was continued on account of the illness of the Attorney for the State of Virginia. Great excitement prevailed on the subject, and great numbers of the citizens of Ohio were present to hear the trial.—These persecuted men have been confined for some time in the Parkersburgh jail, and certainly very great injustice has been done, not only to the imprisoned citizens but Ohio, in thus continuing the case when an immediate trial was urged by Mr. Vinton, who appeared, at the request of Governor Bartley, in defence of the rights of the State, and as counsel for the prisoners.

A requisition it is said, will be immediately made on the Governor of Virginia, for the six Virginians who captured, and imprisoned the citizens of Ohio.

No one believes that the citizens of Ohio will be found guilty, yet much excitement will no doubt yet grow out of the question, all of which, must necessarily operate against the system of Slavery.—*Western Palladium.*

The Mormon Temple.—This monster work in the far West, is progressing, and excites the wonder of all who look at it. Is it intended as a place of worship? It is said not. The people are to assemble *without* to worship; the saints alone are to enter within the "holy of holies." The Warsaw Signal insists upon it, however, that the Temple has another object. It says:—

"The Temple, in reality, however, is designed, in our opinion, for a fortification. It has regular port-holes, in the shape of round windows, in the second story, and is in every respect well situated for a fortification. The wall enclosing five or six acres around the building, is about four feet thick, which can be intended for no other purpose than defence. The idea of its being intended merely as the foundation of an ornamental railing, as pretended by the Saints, is preposterous."

Fugitive Slaves.—The State laws provide a remedy under the Constitution, for the recovery of fugitive slaves, and although of late, there have been many wanton abductions, and encouragement for slaves to run away, yet there is no safer or approved mode of recovering them than by the due process of the law. A sad and unwarrantable case is stated in the West Jersey Mail. A party of strangers in a wagon, called at the house of Jefferson Johnson, a colored man, having a wife and three children, living near Easham Mount, and they learned from the children that their mother had gone to work at Mr. Beck's. Thither they went, and seeing the woman in the barn yard, milking, they immediately seized hold of her, and dragged her up to one of the wagons by main force. Here Mr. Beck came up, and to his inquiries as to the meaning of this incursion into his premises, these men declared the woman *to be their property—their slave.* Before Mr. Beck had time to recover from the surprise into which he was thrown by the unexpectedness of the rencontre, the poor creature was hurried into the wagon, and the party drove off at the top of their horses' speed. Arriving at Johnson's house, they seized the three children that were born in New Jersey, and pitching them into the wagons, like calves for the market, put whip to their horses and escaped. This is an outrageous proceeding, and calculated to make the worst impression against those who have legal claims, and are willing to test them in a proper manner. Besides, had the authorities of New Jersey caught the men, they would have paid dearly for their temerity. Who knows but they were kidnappers?—*Sun.*

Capt. Flowery, of the slaver Spitfire, has been removed to the jail at Salem, to which he has been sentenced for five years.

A Runaway Brought Back.—A man-servant belonging to Mr. Ezra T. Summers, cooper, of this city, was discovered on board the schooner Eclipse, Capt. Hatcher, of Dennis, Me. soon after she got underweigh, on Sunday morning last, when Capt Hatcher immediately put his vessel about, and returned, and gave up the man to his master.—*Norfolk Herald, Sept.* 9.

☞ Charles Dickens has two new works in press; one "Letters from Italy," and the other a monthly serial, of which the chief incidents will be drawn from the travels of two families on the Continent.

Rev. Joy H. Fairchild.—We are informed that the new Congregational Church recently organized at South Boston, have given this gentleman an invitation to become their pastor, and that he has accepted the invitation.—*Transcript.*

Movements in Virginia.—The question of a Convention to amend the Constitution of the State, is now agitated with considerable warmth in Virginia. The Western portion of the State demands it, alleging that on the present basis of representation which allows "chattels" to be represented, they are deprived of just rights, and made dependent on the slaveholding aristocracy of Eastern Virginia. The refusal of the Legislature, at its last session, to allow the right of way to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad through Western Virginia, a refusal which grew out of the jealousies of the East, has given new force and activity to the movement in favor of a Convention.—*Saturday Visiter.*

Texas is ours! and Cuba must follow!—At a meeting of the citizens of St. Clair County, (Ill.) the following resolution was offered by Ex-Governor Reynolds, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Chair appoint five persons to make a report to an adjourned session of this meeting, on the propriety of passing an act of Congress to authorize the President to purchase the Island of Cuba, with the consent of the white population thereof.

A new Judge.—Levi Woodbury, Esq. of New Hampshire, has been appointed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the place of the late Judge Story.

A free negro at Port Tobacco has lately had thirty-three indictments found against him, for aiding the escape of slaves. The penalty is, six years confinement on each, so that he is liable to a sentence of 216 years!

Statue to Columbus.—The German journals announce that a statue is to be erected at Genoa to Christopher Columbus, and that the King of Sardinia has subscribed to the amount of 50,000f.

The brig Albert, of Boston, charged with being engaged in the slave-trade, and seized at Philadelphia, has been released and surrendered to her owners, they giving security. The mate and crew will have a final hearing on the 10th of October.

Preaching for his own Body.—A Massachusetts clergyman writes us that, last Sunday a slave who is a minister of the gospel, and has charge of the flock of Christ in St. Louis, was in his pupit begging money to buy his own body! "He is bright, shrewd, and very respectable as a preacher."—*Bangor Gazette.*

Died.

In Ithaca, on the 20th ultimo, E. W. GOODWIN.

NOTICES.

THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS

Anti-Slavery Fair,

TO BE HELD IN

FANEUIL HALL,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The undersigned, deeply sensible of the obligations of those who begin a work of beneficent reform to carry it forward to the end of their lives, have determined to continue, during the present, as in the eleven preceding years, to disseminate the moral principles, and awaken the feelings which alone can effect the abolition of Slavery.

If we needed fresh stimulus in a work, which perpetually renews the devoted spirit, we could not fail to find it in the present condition of our country. The supporters of Slavery, perceiving that the practice and the preaching of a higher morality, endangers the perpetuity of their system, hope by the annexation of Texas to maintain the balance of power in its favor. But Freedom can gain at the North faster than Slavery at the South, if those who call themselves friends of Freedom, will but labor with zeal and diligence in her behalf.

Our appeal is, in an especial manner, to those who are newly awakened to the nature of Slavery, and its unavoidable termination in political subjugation, and national ruin:—and, who earnestly desire to avoid the fatal consequences of the atrocious deed of Texan Annexation. If the people were awake to the importance of this question of Annexation to the welfare, to the honor, to the very existence of the UNITED STATES, *as such*, they would speak with one voice from every city, county and town throughout the free States, in that decisive tone which would settle the question in the negative at once and forever:—which would sunder any such connection already formed, as threads are parted by flame.

It is to awaken—to inform—to inspire the American people with a sense of what they owe their times, their race, and themselves, that we propose this effort, to be carried on through the year, and to be concluded in December next, with THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS A. S. FAIR. Wherever, the country over, there is a single person professing an interest in the cause, whose eye this shall meet, let that person instantly commence operations for THE FAIR, and interest as many others as possible for its success.

We have the pleasure of announcing to those who have aided us the last year, that but little remains on hand of the contributions of the last Fair. The whole will have been converted into money before the next, and employed in supplying lecturers and publications. Let no one shrink from the duty of aiding us, because he does not deem the Anti-Slavery lecturers and publications the best possible;—our object is to arouse those whose office it *should* have been to bear the truth to *us*: those whom all confess to be, by their prudence, mildness, judiciousness, and position, rightly qualified for the work we have undertaken, if they could but be induced to undertake it. From among these, we fervently hope, will arise, such as shall put to shame all former advocates, by their devotedness, their zeal, their diligence, and their disinterestedness.

We request for the cause's sake, the immediate formation of Anti Slavery working clubs, for the aid of THE FAIR. Men can do as much for it as women, by furnishing the requisite funds; by making articles for it, as time permits,—the best specimens of their mechanical ingenuity, and manufacturing skill,—by sending the fruits of their agricultural industry. We ask not for the formation of sewing-circles *only*, but for working-clubs of every description. They may be made the medium of a happier social intercourse than commonly prevails. They may be rending societies and working societies, while their object is the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause.

We ask of all our friends, and the friends of the cause, and the opposers of Texan Annexation throughout the country, to take the action above indicated. We ask of all such in this city, donations of money or materials, or orders for such articles as they prefer to purchase at the Fair.

Of the opposers of Annexation, we feel that we have a double *right* to ask aid: for have not *our* efforts aroused them to a sense of the danger and the wrong, and are not *their* efforts consequently due to awaken those who yet slumber over it? It is not more imminent now, than during all these years between 1835 and 1845, which they have slept away, while we watched and worked. Requite, now, to others, the good for which we should scorn the thought of a return to ourselves. We desire only to give the advantage of our personal exertions and experience in making this requital as extensively beneficial as economy and knowledge of the ground can do.

Donations and communications may be addressed to M. W. CHAPMAN, 25 Cornhill, office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, or to either of the undersigned:—

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ANN T. G. PHILLIPS,
MARY G. CHAPMAN,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
ELIZA L. FOLLEN,
SARAH S. RUSSEL,
SARAH B. SHAW,
HELEN E. GARRISON,
LAVINIA HILTON,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARIA LOWELL,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
LOUISA LORING,
HANNAH TUFTS,
CATHERINE SARGENT,
M. A. W. JOHNSON,
CAROLINE WESTON,
ANNA R. PHILBRICK,
MARY YOUNG,
HARRIET M. JACKSON,
MARY F. ROGERS,
ELIZA F. MERRIAM,
CAROLINE F. WILLIAMS,
ABBY SOUTHWICK,
MARY WILLEY,
MARIAN FULLER,
ANN R. BRAMHALL,
LYDIA PARKER,
HARRIET STURGIS.

Boston, August 29, 1845.

FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

The next stated meeting of this Society will be held on the 9th of 10th month, (October,) at half-past seven o'clock, P. M. in Clarkson Hall. A full attendance is requested.

SARAH A. MCKIM, Sec.

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Weymouth Female Anti-Slavery Society, will hold its Annual Fair, at the Hall in Mr. Wales' Hotel, commencing on the evening of TUESDAY, the 7th of October next, and continuing through the two succeeding days. The Fair will conclude with a TEA PARTY on Thursday evening, when addresses from interesting speakers may be expected. Donations for the Fair, either in money or articles, will be thankfully received by the Committee.

MARY WESTON,
LUCRETIA A. COMINGS, } Com.

FREE PRODUCE.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the American Free Produce Society will be held in Philadelphia, on third day, the 21st of 10th mo.

All persons interested in the cause of the slave, are earnestly invited to be present.

SARAH PUGH, Sec.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the Marlboro' Chapel, Hall No. 1, on Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Important business will come before the Society, and the attendance of every member, and of all interested in the Anti-Slavery cause, is needed.

S. H. SOUTHWICK, Rec. Sec.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Are you ready, dear friends, to commence with us preparations for the Pennsylvania Fair of 1845? Warm hearts and active hands we would enlist, at this early period, that no time may be lost which might be profitably spent in this service. Information respecting what is to be done, it can scarcely be necessary to offer to those who, year by year, have been laboring side by side with us in this department of Anti-Slavery toil, and whose skill and ingenuity have been again and again proved. We want whatever liberal souls will devise, and ready hands execute. The Committee commence their efforts this year with the hope of making the Fair superior to those of preceding years, but this hope cannot, of course, be realized, without your diligent and hearty co-operation. On this we rely. Need we urge upon you motives to action? The slave has found no respite from his sufferings shall we seek respite from our labors in his behalf? Trusting that you are as ready for this work as ourselves, we suggest that you should immediately begin to inquire what you can give or do for this purpose, and how you can best enlist the services of your friends and neighbors. Will some active friends of the cause take measures for forming sewing circles in their neighborhoods, where articles may be manufactured, donations deposited, and interest excited for the Fair? From such a measure, much benefit, beside pecuniary emolument, results to the Anti-Slavery cause. Will not the friends of the cause in Chester, Bucks, and other counties, adopt this plan, and furnish tables, to be superintended by themselves at the Fair? And will not those who cannot conveniently unite with these circles, be diligent and faithful in individual effort? Of all the friends of the slave in city and country, we ask aid. Of the merchant, we ask contributions of merchandise, of the mechanic, the fruit of his handiwork; of the farmer, the produce of his garden, fields, and poultry-yard. But we ask of all *only* the products of *free* and *requited* labor.

Let us, dear friends, commence our efforts with a determination that our next Fair shall yield great and good results to our cause, and *it will do so.*

Contributions may be sent to any member of the Committee, or to J. M. McKim, No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Emma Parker,
Mary Grew,
Sarah M. McKim,
Hester Reckless,
Lydia Gillingham,
Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Elizabeth J. Neall,
Olive Bacon,
Hannah L. Stickney,
Mary T. Stickney.

Anna M. Hopper,
Maria M. Davis,
Sarah Pugh,
Martha Carman,
Sarah Douglass,
Sarah Lewis,
Margaret Jones,
Emily A. Winslow,
Margaret Griscom,
Teresa K. Hallowell,

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.	
Pot, first sort 1844.	3.93¾ a 3.
Pearl	4.18¾ a 4.25
CANDLES.	
Mould, tallow lb.	9 a 11
Sperm	27 a 29
Stearic do.	22 a 25
COAL.	
Liverpool, chaldron,	8.50 a 9.00
Newcastle	6.50 a 8.25
Scotch	6.25 a 6.50
Sidney and Pictou	6.75 a 7.25
Anthracite, 2,000lbs.	5.50 a 6 00
COFFEE.	
Java, Gov't per lb.	9 a 11½
Sumatra	7 a 7½
Porto Rico	6¾ a 8½
Laguayra	7 a 8½
Cuba	6 a 7
Brazil	6¼ a 8¼
St. Domingo	6¼ a 7
COTTON.	
New Orleans	6¼ a 10
Alabama	6¼ a 10
Florida	6 a 8
Upland	6 a 8
Upland, fair	7½ a 8
Upland, good and fair	8¼ a 9
DOMESTICS.	
Shirtings, brown 3-4	5 a 6½
do. do. 7-8	6 a 7
do. bleached	7 a 9
do. S. I. do.	7 a 11
Sheetings, brown 4-4	6½ a 8
do. do. 5-4	10½ a 12½
do. bleached 4-4	7 a 12
do. do. 5-4	12 a 15
Calicoes, blue	7 a 12
do. fancy	6 a 14
Plaids	9 a 11
Stripes, fast colors	8 a 10
Satinetts	40 a 75
Checks 4-4	8 a 12
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	15 a 16
do. 14 a 19	18 a 20
do. 20 a 23	22 a 23
DRUGS & DYES.	
Alum, lb.	3¼ a 3½
Cochineal, Honduras,	1.40 a 1.50
Copperas	1¼ a 1¾
Gum Myrrh, E. Indies,	11 a 13
do. copal washed	31 a 40
do. Arabic Turkey,	25 a 35
Madder, Dutch	10 a 17½
Oil of Anis	1.55 a 1.60
castor, gall.	62½ a .65
Tartaric acid, lb.	40 a 42
Verdigris	17 a 20
Vitriol, blue	a 7
DYEWOODS.	
Brazilletto, ton	15.00 a 18.00
Camwood	25.00 a 70.00
Fustic, Cuba	26.00 a 30.00
do. Tampico	18.00 a 22.00
Logwood, Cpy.	25.00 a 29.00
FEATHERS.	
Live, foreign lb.	12 a 25
do. American	30 a 38
FISH.	
Dry cod, cwt.	2.50 a 2.62½
Dry scale	1.25 a 1.50
Pickled, bbl.	3.00 a 3.25
do. salmon,	14.50 a 15.00
Smoked do. lb.	.9 a .10
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	.00 a 12.50
do. No. 2	9.75 a 10.00
do. No. 3	6.62½ a 6.75
Shad, Ct. hf. bbl.	5.75 a 5.87½
Bucksp't. bbl.	7.50 a 8.00
Mass. do.	8.50 a 9.00
Herring, pickled	3.50 a .
do. scale, per box,	a .50
do. No. 1	28 a .30
do. No. 2	20 a .
FLAX.	
Russia, lb.	9 a 11
American	6¼ a 7½
FLOUR & MEAL.	
Genesee per bbl.	4.62½ a 4.76
Troy	4.62½ a 4.75
Michigan	4.56¼ a 4.62½
Ohio, round and flat	4.56¼ a 4.62½
Pennsylvania	4.75 a 4.87½
Brandywine	4.62½ a 4.75
Georgetown	4.62½ a 4.75
Baltimore c. mills	4.62½ a 4.75
Richmond c. mills	6.00 a .50
do. country	.00 a 4.75
Alexandria	4.75 a 4.87½
Fredericksburg	. a 4 87½
Petersburg	. a 4.87½
Rye flour	3.25 a 3.50
Indian meal	2.50 a 2.75
do. per hhd.	11.87 a 12.
GRAIN.	
Wheat, Western and N. York, per bushel,	.85 a 1.00
do. Southern new	.85 a 1.00
Rye northern	67 a .69
Corn north'n & Jersey	56 a .57
Southern (weight)	54 a .55
Barley, N.R.	58 a .50
Oats, northern	38 a .41
do. southern	35 a .36
do. New-Jersey	
Beans, tce.	6.12 a 7.62½
HEMP.	
Russia, clean, ton	175.00 a 180.00
outshot	180.00 a 190.00
Manilla	142.50 a 0.00
American, dew rot	85.00 a 95.00
do. water rot	125.00 a 175.50
HIDES.	
B. A. & Rio Grande, lb.	12¼ a 12½
California	4 a 11
Orinoco	11 a 11½
Mexican	9½ a 11½
S. American horse, piece	a
Calcutta, dry	65 a .75
HOPS.	
First sort 1844, lb.	12½ a 15½
HORNS.	
Ox, hundred	6.00 a 8.50
Cow	2 00 a 3.00

IRON.	
Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	32.50 a 37 50
do. American	30.00 a 35.50
Bar do. rolled	85.00 a 87.50
do. Russia P,S,I,	100.00 a 102.50
do. do. N. Sable	a
do. Swedes	85.00 a
do. Eng. com.	72.50 a 75.00
do. do. refined	85.00 a 87.50
Sheet E. & Am. lb.	7 a 7½
Hoop do. do. cwt.	5.50 a 6.50
LEAD.	
Pig, 100 lbs.	3.87½ a 4.25
Bar, lb.	4½ a 4¾
Sheet	5 a 5¼
LEATHER.	
Oak lb. (sole,)	18 a 22
Hemlock, light	14 a 14½
do. middle	13½ a 14½
do. heavy	12 a 13
do. damaged	11½ a 13
LUMBER.	
Boards, N. R. M. ft.	35.00 a 40.00
do. east pine	10.00 a 11.00
do. Albany, piece	8 a .18
Plank Ga. pine, M. ft.	33.00 a 40.00
Scantling pine	14.00 a 16 25
do. oak	30.00 a 35.00
Timber oak, cu. ft.	.25 a .37
do. Ga. yel. pine	.35 a .40
Shingles, cy. M.	11.00 a 18.00
Staves w. o. pipe M.	50.00 a .09
do. do. hhd.	40.00 a .00
do. do. bbl.	30.00 a .00
do. r oak hhd.	28.00 a 30.00
Heading, w. o.	40.00 a 45.00
Hoops	25.00 a 30.00
MOLASSES.	
New-Orleans, gall.	28 a 31
Porto Rico	26 a 29
St. Croix	29 a 31
Trinidad, Cuba, Muscova	26 a 28
Martinique & Guadal.	— a
Havana & Matanzas	26 a
Neuvitas	28 a 31
NAILS.	
Cut, 4d a 40d per lb.	4¼ a 4¾
(3d 1 cent and 2d 2 cents more.)	
Wrought, 6d a 20d	10 a 12½
Horseshoe, No. 7 a 9	18 a 20
NAVAL STORES.	
Tar, bbl.	2.00 a 2.25
Pitch	81 a .87½
Rosin, N. C. & W.	.57 a .70
Turp. Wil'ton soft	2.75 a 2.87½
do. N. C. soft	2.75 a 2.81¼
Spirits turp'tine gal.	40 a 43
OILS.	
Olive, in casks, gall.	90 a 92½
Linseed, American	65 a 65
Whale refined	50 a 55
Sperm, crude	88 a 90
do. winter	95 a 96
Lard oil, summer,	65 a 70
PROVISIONS.	
Beef mess bbl.	0.00 a 8.75
do. prime	5.50 a 0.00
Pork, mess bbl.	13.50 a 14 00
do. prime	10.62½ a 11.00
do. cargo	
Hog's lard	7½ a 8¼
Butter, West dairy	15 a 16
do. Orange county	18 a 22
do. common	9 a 10
Cheese, Am. lb.	6½ a 7½
Hams smoked	8 a 10
RICE.	
Ordinary, 100 lbs.	3.37½ a 4.50
Good to prime,	4.87½ a 5.00
SALT.	
Turks Island, bushel,	30 a
Bonaire	31 a
Curacoa	24 a 26
Ivica	
Cadiz	20 a 21
St. Kitts	a
Lisbon	23 a 24
Liverpool, gr'd, blk.	a 20
do. do. sack	1.00 a 0 10
do. do. fine	1.30 a 1.35
SOAP.	
New-York, brown lb.	3½ a 5½
Castile	8½ a 8¾
STEEL.	
German lb.	10½ a 13
English, hoop L.	13 a 13½
Trieste, in boxes	6½ a 7
American	5 a
Spring	5¾ a 6
SUGARS.	
St. Croix, lb.	7¾ a 9
New-Orleans	5¾ a 7½
Cuba, Muscovado	7 a 7½
Porto Rico	7 a
Havana, white	10 a 11
do. brown	8 a 9½
Cuba, white	8¼ a 9
do. brown	6¼ a 8
Brazil, white	9 a 10
Manilla, brown	8 a
Loaf	12 a
Crushed	12 a
TALLOW.	
Foreign, lb.	
American	6½ a 7
TEAS.	
Imperial, lb.	35 a .90
Gunpowder	35 a .90
Hyson	43 a .88
Young Hyson	35 a .85
Hyson skin	22 a 50
Souchong, Powch'g, &c.	15 a 55
Bohea	a
TIN.	
Block, South Am. lb.	a
do. East India	15⅞ a 16
In plates ½ box	9.00 a 9.25
WOOL.	
Am. Sax'y. fleece, lb.	36 a 38
do. merino	32 a 34
Pulled, superfine	31 a 32
No. 1	28 a 30
No. 2	22 a 24

WILLIAM GUNNISON,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT.
101 SOUTH ST. (BOWLY'S WHARF,)
BALTIMORE, MD.

January 9, 12m.

Poetry.

From the Broadway Journal.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF WOMAN.*

We hope the author of an article entitled, "American Letters," which appeared in the June number of the 'American Review" will not accuse us of having purloined his ideas. We can assure him that he is not alone in his opinion of the *softer* sex—that we have even regarded them as an inferior order of creation, and have never hesitated to express it; and that the accompanying effusion was written to make the *true meaning* of the poet more apparent to their limited capacity. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. They are undoubtedly a legitimate part of the human family, and, until something can be invented that will supply their place are to be tolerated, and even well treated; but the idea of their pretending to compete with *us* in anything that requires intellectual ability, is a little too amusing. If our metre is not as correct as it should be—we presume it is at least as good as that of some of our philosopher-poets—and indeed very much in their manner.

"*What most I prize in woman*
Is her affection, not her intellect."
So says the poet Longfellow—and in saying this
He but repeats the sentiments of all the nobler sex.
Pooh! we don't want *sense* in women,
It only injures, and renders them more difficult to manage.
We have enough for both. Doubtless you are
"A fair defect of Nature"—still we're too generous
To lay it up against you, for even lordly man
Sometimes "lets down a stitch," though 'tis not often.
The traits we most admire in the *beau sexe*
Are sweet submission, lovingness—for list the bard—
"For if thou lovest—mark me, I say lovest—
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not."
In other words, the preference of her
Who is but one remove from a born *natural*,
Is just as great a compliment, and just as flattering,
As that of the most gifted of her sex.
"The world of affection is *thy* home,
Not that of man's ambition." True, most true!
You cannot go to Congress, nor can serve
In the militia, nor be heard
Within the halls of justice. 'Tis your part
To mend his hose—delightful task!
And patch his ancient vestments. "In that *stillness*,
Calm and holy, which most *becomes a woman*,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame." Canst take a hint?
Well, I'll explain to you—it simply means,
Pray keep the fire a-going, but don't intrude
Your vapid observations! It is true
There is a mighty fuss 'bout female education,
But it is all a *hum*: what we desire
Is true affection, not accomplishments.
You were made to worship us, and not we you.
We are not so requiring—all we ask
Is adoration and idolatry. You cannot love too much—
What do I say? you cannot love enough! Oh, if Eastern customs
Could but be introduced, you'd have the privilege
Of burning for us. Ah, "pleasing, dreadful thought!"
To throw yourself upon the funeral pile
Of your dead treasure! *Well, we are worth it!*

Perhaps some surly critic will exclaim,
If sense is nothing in the female sex,
Think of posterity. To that I answer,
They'll have a father, and that's enough!

The feeling most becoming in a woman
Is "just as my husband wishes"—
And as affection is the thing we crave,
Be liberal in the outward demonstration.
Think not of self, nor call your soul your own;
But when the loved one steps within his bower
Be sure and meet him with a raptured smile,
E'en if he's cross and snappish.
If 'tis winter's cold, prostrate yourself
And take his rubbers—or in summer's heat
Fan his moist countenance. 'Tis these tender acts
That make life blissful, and he expects them.
And oh! let me impress this truth upon you:
Ne'er for the world admit you have a wish
Or feeling of your own;—'t will cause unhappiness.
Sooth him with artless prattle,
And should he be oblivious, and speak
As if you were a thinking being, gently set him right—
"How *can* you, Mr. Higgins, ask such questions?
The world of affection is *my* home,
Not that of man's ambition;" and it's all one to me
Who's constable or sheriff, so your neck's safe.
It is enough for me to be the chosen
Of a superior being: to be permitted
To gaze unchecked upon a manly visage
And think it *mine*, or look upon a brawny fist
And say, it never knocked me down or even cuffed me;
Big as it is! Oh! what a lovely thing
Is power that's not abused.

These are the sentiments we love in woman.
A fig for sense, a fig for education!
Refinement—mental culture—are no advantage.
All we require is this—to know enough
To speak when you are spoken to,
And come in when it rains.
"The element of fire is pure, it cannot change its nature,
But burns as brightly within the gipsey camp
As in the palace hall." Be sure it does;
And Jock, the ploughman, feels
As genuine a flame toward Sal, the housemaid,
As that which glows within the poet's heart,
Or, in briefer phrase, one kind of love
Is just as good as t'other.

Oh! if the sex could but be made to feel
Love and submission are their highest praise,
This earth would be a paradise—but, alas!
There are too many females who forget
This world was made for Cæsar—not his wife.
All we ask is love, love, love,
And all the thousand services which flow from it
Of course. I would not be vain-glorious,
Nor would claim more than is proper;
But to me 'tis plain, that nature gave to us
Forms of surpassing beauty, and minds, oh! how superior,
Just to make their task an easy one.
Milton well has said that "beauty *is excelled*
By manly grace," or, in common parlance,
That we are "the cock of the walk."

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* We give place to this *jeu d'esprit*, merely through our sincere respect as well for the honesty of intention, as for the ability, of its author. We feel it our duty nevertheless, to protest against the doctrine advanced. The opinions of our fair correspondent are by no means our own.—Ed. B. J.

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THE SEASON.

BY T. HOOD.

Summer's gone and over!
Fogs are falling down;
And with russet tinges,
Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature,
Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,
Swallows as they flit,
Give like yearly tenants,
Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,
Weep by turns and laugh—
Night and Day together,
Taking half and half.

So September endeth—
Cold and most perverse—
But the months that follow,
Sure will pinch us worse!

Miscellany.

Dawn Island.....A Tale.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER II. (CONCLUDED.)

PUERILE MAN AND HIS GODS.

"Where is Motuaro?" "Gone up the mountain before you?"

"How could he pass the threshold of Idya?" said the mother, with a melancholy smile.

Miava sighed, as he quickly turned homewards, followed by Feito and her young daughter. He had seen with satisfaction, for some time past, that Motuaro loved Idya. He had hoped to see Idya the young man's wife: but now, if the family must leave their bread-fruit tree and their fishing-boat, and be outcasts in the mountains, what could he wish?

As he expected, he found Idya in tears, yet not listening to her lover, but rather hastening from him to meet his mother, to whom she rushed with a wail of grief, as soon as she saw her. The young man, who was following closely and sadly, now turned back, saying,

"She does not love me. I will go and be the sacrifice, for no one else is so miserable."

"You will go to the mountain," said Miava, with a tone of authority. "You are young; the king will soon be old, and the taboo may be buried in his grave."

"The taboo is everywhere now," cried the mother, in despair.

"I can show you a place where it cannot hurt you," said Miava, wrapping his garment about him, as if preparing to guide the fugitives.

During the moment of waiting, the ears of the mother, quickened by terror, caught the sound of voices from amidst the wood below. At a sign from her, all listened. It was certain that men were approaching. Not an instant was to be lost. Miava whispered to Idya,

"Lead Feito and her son up by the path of the torrent to the sorcerer's den. They must enter it without fear; but you must not set foot in it. You must at once return,—and by the other path. No one is in the cave, and nothing shall hurt them—They will find food there till I can show them how to find more."

At a sign from his hand, the party were gone.

Miava did not return to his station; for he desired to intercept the party who were ascending through the wood. As he leaned against the door-post of his hut, awaiting them, the thought that more and more haunted his life settled down gloomily on his mind.

"'The forest-tree shall grow; the coral shall spread and branch out; but man shall cease.' If prophecy is true, this is the truest. My father walked through thirty peopled valleys; and his father through fifty. Of those fifty I have seen thirty desolate. Our young men die childless outcasts in the dens of the mountain; and our strong warriors go out and never return. Yes, the tree grows as lofty as ever; and the coral spreads in the sea as the convolvulus on the earth;"—and he looked from side to side, and could see no space between the trees where its bell-flowers did not sprinkle the grass;—"but man is fast dwindling, and will soon cease from our world. Too true is prophecy; and some fearful prophecies remain."

Here his meditation was interrupted by the messengers from the king, who came to beseech or require him to officiate in the sacrifice below. For some time he resisted. But when it appeared that the greater number of the party were on the point of being despatched in pursuit of a victim for sacrifice on the mountain, his concern for Motuaro and his mother, and his immediate power of saving them prevailed. He agreed to go on certain conditions;—that the deputation should, to a man, attend him, with such observances as he should prescribe; that he should select the victim; and that he should be the watcher in the temple at night for the response of Oro.

It was with a heavy heart that Miava slowly descended to the shore. The herald blew the trumpet-shell before him,—its harsh blast startling the birds from their hiding-places in the trees; and a young priest in the rear beat the sacred drum, whose dreary sound spread fear of the taboo wherever it was heard.

"I had hoped," thought Miava, "never again to have spread fear through a race already doomed to cease. But by waiting on the god this once more, I may save a man. Yet, is it saving a man, when another must be chosen?" He put down this painful question by the remembrance, "This, however, is not my affair. It was within the memory of my fathers when the gods first required, by a dream, that the highest gift—man himself—should be offered. I am glad I was not the dreamer; but there can be no doubt of the will of the gods. And it is good to be able to choose the sacrifice, and turn aside the vengeance of the king. And it may be that Oro will give no response to-night; and then the war must not proceed, and many will be spared. How the people fly from the trumpet and drum! But the gods must be served, or man will cease at once. Oro perhaps chooses one to save a multitude. At all events, we must entice him from going over to the rebels. And Motuaro is safe for this time."

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CHAPTER III.

THE PRIEST AND THE ORACLE.

As soon as the assemblage on the shore perceived that the priest had come to the sacrifice, shouts of joy rent the air. The king did not conceal his exultation; and at his command, more presents were brought, and laid on the pile of the priests' offerings. Miava's heart was somewhat lightened. He unconsciously felt the reality that there must be in any observances which so deeply involved men's passions of hope and fear; and he was aware of the dignity there was in being the medium between them and the unseen powers. He approached the Aoa,—the sacred tree which none but priests could pass without trembling,—and looked up among its wilderness of boughs with a tranquil gaze. There hung two human bodies,—the sacrifices offered at the beginning of the war-gathering. These he ordered down, and caused to be enclosed in baskets of cocoa-nut leaves, and slung up to the rafters of the temple, to leave the tree clear for the one remaining victim.

This tree, much resembling the banian, was as good an illustration as the vegetable world could furnish of the continuous being and self-diffusion of the deities worshipped in Dawn Island. Every branch sending down roots to the ground, and the sources of life being thus multiplied perpetually, it seemed as if the tree must live for ever. No man could ever learn from his fathers when this grove-like tree was a sapling; and it was now a firm and universal belief that a bird had brought some seeds from the moon, and had dropped one on Dawn Island in his flight.

While Miava, in examining the interior of the Aoa, retired out of sight beneath its pillar-like stems, the gazers little knew that he met his attendants under the shadow, to give orders fatal to one of themselves. He named the victim,—and in a few moments more the man was felled by a blow on the back of the head, as he stood on the outskirts of the crowd, jesting with a comrade. He was a young man of turbulent temper and vicious habits, who could be spared better than most; yet his heavy fall, and the shrieks of his flying family, penetrated with horror all who saw and heard. Such spectacles might increase their awe and dread of the gods, and certainly lessened their feeling for the sufferings of men; but the natural anguish of the moment could not be extinguished by custom and familiarity.

The rites now went forward with order and speed. The chief victim was suspended from the tree; the hogs were slain and baked,—their heads placed upon the altars, and their flesh partly eaten by the priests. The messengers of the gods, rising in the shape of birds from out of the tree, on a burst of harsh music, were dismissed to the place of abode of the deities, somewhere near the foundation of the world, to announce and invite, in the usual terms:—"There is war in the world. Come up to the place of light, and help your worshippers."

Before evening, the red feathers, taken from Oro's very image, were deposited in the sacred canoes; and all was ready for starting at daybreak, if only the response of the god in the night should be favorable. For its announcement, many waited with anxiety. The king himself lay on his mat before the gate of the temple: and his council watched on the steps which, on three sides, surrounded the inclosure. Miava was within,—he alone; and his station was in the innermost court. There stood the image of the god Oro, under a sort of wooden canopy. The rest of the court was open to the sky, but so walled round as that no eye could pry into the transactions of the priest and the oracle.

Miava was intently on the watch for a sign from the god. How it would come, he knew not; whether in the sighing of the breeze, or the piping of the night bird becoming articulate, or in a louder murmur of the waves, or by shooting stars flashing across the sky, (as meteors do in that climate,) or in a dream. After listening till his senses became confused, he lay down before the image, and looked up into the heavens, in order not to miss any token that might be manifested there. His sight was so dimmed by age that even the steady blazing stars of the tropical sky, were to him blent in one hazy light; but if Oro wished to communicate with him, he would send a flaming meteor sufficiently near to the earth. The uncertain waiting for such a sign, however, wearied his eyes, and he slept,—a broken and anxious sleep. He dreamed, or fancied, that a voice whispered to him,—he knew not whence,—"The forest-tree shall grow; the coral shall spread; but man shall cease." Anxious to be assured, he cried, "Again!" But his own voice roused him. He started up. Nothing seemed changed. The hideous image of Oro stared, immoveable as ever, and the sounds of the night were all that was heard.

Miava's heart interpreted the prophecy, recurring at such a moment, as a token that there must be more slaughter,—that the war must proceed. But he would not conclude hastily. The night was not half spent. If Oro, or a messenger spirit from him, had really entered the image, there would be something done to preclude doubt. For hours he waited. The breeze had died away; the piping bird had gone to roost; the heavens were calm. There was no further sign.

As the dawn broke, and objects within the court became more clear, he perceived that something hung from the neck of the idol which was not wont to be there,—the singing-shell used by sorcerers in their divinations. These shells, being never known to refuse to answer, were carefully monopolized by those who had a right to intercourse with the demon which each contained. Miava saw at once that Oro had sent his messenger to speak to him through this shell.

Reverently and anxiously he lifted the shell to his ear. It sang, of course;—and to Miava the murmur appeared to be an incessant repetition of the plaint, "Man shall cease." The shell dropped from his hand. He could no longer question the response.—He took a red feather from the image, and held it aloft as he issued from the inner court. The first golden spark of the sun was just rising from the brim of the ocean when he came forth. The king started to his feet. The council all arose, and each man uncovered his head and shoulders, in devout expectation.

"The war must proceed," said Miava.

"Oro is with us?" inquired the king.

"He is not against us, for he has replied," said Miava, mournfully.

"A multitude will return home?" asked the king, struck by his tone.

"Many will not return," replied Miava, speaking to the royal ear alone. "All else is made to flourish, but man to war and perish. Forests arise, and see how the corals spread! But man must cease."

The king's heart sank as he heard the old prophecy,—now confirmed on the threshold of Oro's abode. He looked wistfully in the face of the priest, and walked in silence down to the shore where his canoe led the war-fleet.

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CHAPTER IV.

MORE HUMAN SACRIFICE.

The war proceeded. Many indeed of those who went out never returned; but the destruction of the rebels was the most complete. Except the few who escaped to the recesses of the mountains, and a very few more who got off to sea, through a perilous passage in the reef, none survived. Of the first, some soon perished from want, while others became in course of time, wild men, forgetting language and such arts of life as they knew, and actually sinking lower than many brutes. Of the fugitives by sea, a small number reached Evening Island,—the only land visible from Dawn Island, and so far distant on the western horizon, that no one thought of reaching it, except in a struggle for life. The lot of the prisoners taken alive was the worst. They saw first the destruction of their forces and their cause. They saw their huts burned—the women and children slain—their bread-fruit trees felled—the tops of their cocoa-nut trees cut off—total ruin overspreading their settlement. But more than this, they had eaten their enemies after battle, and they knew that their own time was come. Theirs were not the feelings of disgust with which civilized men regard the act; but rather of a humiliation scarcely to be conceived of but by a savage; for civilized men can never be absolute slaves to circumstances and events. They knew the passion of triumphant revenge under which they had swallowed the flesh of foes, and the exultation with which they had boasted of sharing with Oro his favorite feast. Now, they were to suffer, not only death by torture, but the contempt and malice of gods and men,—each in solitary despair.

The festival was indescribable. To Miava it was as tolerable in aspect as it could be to any one; for, as he saw in the idol Oro not a hideous image cut in wood, but a chosen form into which the war-god descended at will, so he saw in cannibalism a divine rite permitted to valiant men. The spirits of men were believed to be absorbed or imbibed by the disembodied deities, to whom in consequence had ever belonged the title of "Man-eaters." When human sacrifices were offered, there was no doubt in the mind of a believing priest, that the spirit of the victim was drawn out and appropriated by the god, as the plantain from its rind, or the milk of the cocoa-nut from the shell; and, as spirits thus fed upon spirits, it seemed a sharing of the privilege for body to devour body. Thus, even such an one as Miava had calmly taken his share of the feast of victory, and was able to meditate on the act on his way up through the woods to his home.

At home, he found a very different kind of entertainment going forward. Motuaro was there, pursuing his courtship with Idya in defiance of personal danger, and of the discouragement of Idya herself, and in neglect of the mother and sister he had left in the wilds. He could not keep out of sight of the poor girl, who wished him far away. He followed her wherever she went, put jessamine blossoms in her hair, and declared his love in words of passion; but the customs of his country and tribe rendered his courtship as laborious and irksome to Idya, as it was unacceptable for other reasons. He never dreamed of not being waited on and provided for by her, as men always were by women. She had to go down to the shore for shell-fish, and even to cast a net for salmon. The leaves in which his food was to be baked must be plucked by her, the stones heated, the plantains gathered; and she must attend upon him during the meal. They were thus engaged,—Motuaro supping in the middle of the floor of the dwelling, and Idya attending on him, when Miava appeared in the door-way.

Idya sprang to meet him, telling him what was at the moment uppermost in her mind,—that she had been wishing that he had been home, that she longed to wait on *him* at his meal.

"Yet," he replied, "you cannot long serve me. As Motuaro's wife, you must soon serve him."

Motuaro sprang up in joy at hearing these words. But Idya replied,

"No,—I do not wish to be Motuaro's wife. I wish to live as we have lived; if only Motuaro would not leave his place of safety to follow me, when I do not desire to see him."

"I will find a place of safety for him and you," replied the priest. "I see that he will neither be safe, nor provide for his wants, nor give food to his mother in the mountain, while he follows you in vain. You must be his wife, Idya;—it is best; and you must."

Idya made no reply. The tears ran down her face the whole time she continued to serve the meal; and when it was done, she disappeared.

Miava then told the young man of the utter devastation on the other side of the island, and the undisturbed possession he might take of any spot there, while the district was supposed to be haunted by the demons who delight in such places. An incantation, such as Miava could supply, would protect any retreat from these demons; and a safe and thriving home might thus be secured for the family, in the very midst of a desolation which would forbid the approach of any one else. Miava promised to go himself in search of a place of abode, if the young man would immediately depart to his retreat in the mountains, and not return till the new moon, when he should receive his bride. Motuaro, all joy and thanksgiving, engaged not to molest Idya by his presence before the marriage-day, and forthwith set out for the mountain, without attempting to take leave of the poor girl, whom he now considered securely his own.

When Idya came, at her guardian's call, to hear the arrangement made, she turned away her face from him, that he might not see in the moonlight the traces of tears.

After relating to her the plans laid, Miava told her that she ought to rejoice in a prospect of married happiness so much more promising than was at all common. Not only did her lover woo her with a passion which was indisputable, but, from their mode of life, it was improbable that he would have more wives,—at least for a long time to come; and before that time, she might, by devotedness and prudence, have obtained an influence over him which would secure her a considerable amount of dignity and authority in the women's house, whoever might afterwards be the favorite.

Idya could at first only weep: but she soon timidly asked why she must marry, when she wished to stay and serve her guardian.

"You are growing old," she said. "If I go, you will grow cold and hungry, more and more;—and I——"

"That is the very reason," replied the priest. "I could not long give you a home. The cold and weary season of my perishing is at hand; and the young should be about their business and their pleasures. I had my time of youth and strength. Now my turn with the old men is come; and I must grow more weak and poor and comfortless, till I can live no longer. And your turn is come to be the young man's wife."

Idya did not dream of disputing this,—so fixed was the idea in all minds that the helpless, whether from age, sickness, or desertion, had arrived at their turn to perish. She therefore offered only a plea for herself. She represented that there might be some time yet before the feebleness of age came on; that Miava was not imperious and requiring as young men were; that she was now free from ill-usage and hardship; and that she had rather not bind herself to such toils and sufferings as a husband would inflict on her. She preferred the kind voice and contented temper of her guardian to Motuaro's present love; and if he ceased to love her, he might be very tyrannical.

This was true, Miava admitted: but matters would be made worse by delay. To be a first wife was an opportunity not to be lost; and she must make no further objection.

Idya did make no further objection. At the next new moon, she was married to Motuaro, with such celebrations as the priest's influence could provide, without the affair coming to the knowledge of the King, or other enemies of the bridegroom, and without danger of the young people being tracked to their new and unsuspected home.

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CHAPTER V.

VITAL TRIBUTE.

The home of the new-married pair was in a spot which united safety and beauty with healthy influences. Wherever, through the whole circumference of the island, a stream descended along a valley to the shore, there was an opening in the reef opposite the mouth of the valley and river, affording access to the open sea just where fresh water was in abundance. Where such openings occur may commonly be found islets at the point of the reef,—the soil brought down by the river, and the weed and drift-wood washed up by the sea, being accumulated against the barrier, and rising at last to the height of some feet above the water, affording a favorable spot for seeds to germinate, for roots to bind the soil, and at length for trees and shrubs to supply a covert for birds and game. Such an islet was chosen by Miava for the abode of the young people,—removed so far from the scene of battle as to be out of sight and reach of its effects, and yet so decidedly in the district of desolation as to be safe from the intrusion of any person on the other side of the island. The little green platform was not more than half a mile round.—Three cocoa-nut trees rose in the midst; and a good deal of shrubbery afforded fuel at once, and promise of concealment in case of need.

In the dead of night, Motuaro ventured to the little cove, near his former home, where his canoe lay, and brought it round in the smooth water. It was not long before Idya had obtained enough of the fibres of the cocoa-nut tree to make nets, wherewith she procured fish for their supper. Their abode was merely a hut of poles, set up between the three trees, wattled with twigs, thatched with cocoa-nut leaves, and the earthern floor strewn with dry grass. Their only luxuries were the beauties of the air, earth, and sea. These Motuaro continued to enjoy a good deal of; as he did little but bask on the shore, or bathe in the inlet. But Idya had no time or thought to spare from the business of living,—poor as was the living obtained by her utmost care and industry. For months after her marriage, she rarely had news of her guardian. He was hardly strong enough now to make so distant an excursion;—she could not be spared from home; and she did not dream of asking her husband to take so long a walk to satisfy any anxiety of hers.

A season was at length approaching, in the prospect of which Idya earnestly desired to see the friend whom she loved best in the world. One evening, her husband found her resting on the ground, apparently playing with the blossoms of the white convolvulus, which spread over the grass and the coral sands, down to the very edge of the water. Motuaro expected to find her at the oven, baking his supper; and he was not quite pleased. He asked her what she was thinking of, to be lying there. She replied, as she slowly rose, that she was wondering whether Miava knew that a child would soon be born to her.

Her husband asked if she felt afraid of being alone with him. If this had been a fourth child, which was to live, it would be necessary to have some one with them to take care of it. But he knew how to dispose of it, and——

Idya said it was about that that she wished to see Miava. She supposed, however, that no mother would be right in preserving her first child.

"No; nor the second," her husband replied. Of course, she could have no time to attend to it, in their present way of life;—that was what *he* had to say about it. Miava had other reasons to give, he believed, which would show it to be very irreligious and shocking to preserve a first child. Nobody did it, as she well knew.

Idya had lived so much in the woods, alone with her guardian, that she did not know much of what was done in society. She wished she had asked Miava about it; for, she now would like to hear the reasons why her heart ought not to feel so sad.

Motuaro told her that he thought he would go up to the priest's dwelling, this very night. He had a reason. He had found a fine turtle; and a turtle could not be eaten by any man without the sanction or participation of a priest. He would try to persuade Miava to come down, and eat the turtle with him. She must immediately supply him with food to support him on the way; and as soon as he was gone, she must bury the turtle in the sand, to await his return.

Idya obeyed with alacrity. She had no interest in the turtle,—no woman being permitted to taste food so much more worthy of men: but she would have undertaken any task for the chance of seeing Miava.

She saw him the next evening. When the meal of turtle was finished, and Motuaro dropped asleep, and she stood behind the priest on the moon-lit shore, she spoke with a beating heart the question that lay so heavily there. She supposed that Motuaro must destroy their infant, as soon as it should be born.

"Certainly," replied Miava. "Can you doubt it?"

Idya was silent.

"Motuaro said something to me of your having feelings different from other women," continued the old priest: "and you have lived very much out of their way. But, besides the custom, there are the reasons for the custom."

"What are they?" cried Idya, eagerly. "Could I not carry my child on my shoulder while I am baking and making cloth, and let it lie in the canoe while I am fishing?"

"No," replied Miava. "Motuaro would not like it. But it would also be a disrespect to the gods.—The brothers of Oro were bound to celibacy. Their followers were bidden to live and die childless.—They could not let their children live. It is necessary that some of our children should be reared: but, respect for the gods forbids that many should live; and among these, there must be no first-born."

Idya had nothing to say to this. It was some relief to her to hear that there were reasons extending beyond her husband and herself. Looking forward without hope, she felt but little grief at the time.—She never heard the cry of her child, and did not know the moment when its new breath was stopped. The first time she raised her head from her mat, Miava showed her the exact place in the earthen floor where the infant had been trodden down, a few inches below the surface. Some fresh grass was strewed over it: and on the precise spot did Motuaro many a day afterwards sit, to take his meals.

Miava thought he perceived that Idya, when she soon arose from her mat in order to bathe, avoided treading on that spot; and Idya thought she perceived that Miava watched, to see whether she did so or not.

She might be right; for Miava's mind was far from being at rest while haunted by the old prophecy. As he sat alone in the canoe that evening, apparently enjoying the lulling motion given by the ebb and flow of the waves through the opening in the reef, his meditations were not altogether as serene as his position, and the scene before his eyes.

"The shark is a horrid foe," thought he; "and no year passes but a shriek is heard from the shore, and blood is seen upon the waters, because the shark is there. The water-spout is very fearful; and in the stormy months, we know that some canoe or fleet is doomed to be engulphed, and the rowers to be seen no more. War is more fatal than ten water-spouts or a hundred sharks. For for ten warriors there die a hundred infants. Those who are born should be more than those who die; but if every man has one or two living children, and many more dead, how are our valleys to be peopled again? and will not rather the twenty peopled valleys become two?" He looked up the valley, and marked the clumps and groves that bordered the stream.—He then gazed down into the clear depths of the inlet, and sighed forth the too familiar words, "The forest-tree shall grow,—the coral shall spread,—but man shall cease."

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CHAPTER VI.

THE PRIEST AND THE ADVENT.

When Idya bathed, she did it with all the energy and enjoyment of the women of her tribe, who, having few other pleasures, and much fatigue, revel in this mode of refreshment. It was her delight to dive to the deepest hollow of the white sands, for any tempting object she perceived there; and to swim out through the opening in the reef, to sport with the breakers beyond. One day, before the old priest had returned to his home, and when he was sleeping away among the shrubs the hottest hour of the day, Idya had thus gone out some way into the open sea, for the pleasure of being brought back by the tide, when, rising from a dive, she saw something more wonderful than all that the coral caves contained.

On wakening Miava, and as she stood beside him with dripping hair and her garment hastily wrapped round her, she told him that she had seen a floating island, carried along by wings. At first she had thought it a very large bird, sent from the moon; but on looking again, she doubted about its being alive.

As she spoke, Miava looked extremely grave. He observed that there was an old prophecy which his father had desired him never to forget, or permit to be forgotten,—that some day a canoe without an out-rigger* would arrive from another world, and would be the cause of great changes.

"But this is not a canoe," objected Idya.

"Not like a canoe a hundred times larger than ours?"

"No. And besides, no canoe could hold men, or swim for a moment without an out-rigger."

"So said the people to the prophet, at the time. But he launched his wooden dish on a pool, and it floated; and he said it was thus that the great canoe would come."

"Let us climb the tree," said Idya, "and see whether the swimming island is in sight. Oh! cannot you climb at all?—I will tell you what I see; but you will not believe me."

From the loftiest of the three trees, she saw very well what she wanted. But after a while she slid rapidly down the stem, being unable to endure the vision any longer. The vessel was coming nearer and nearer; and she had perceived that there were living and moving beings on board.

In silent consternation, she and Miava sat watching just within the verge of the shade. At length, Idya uttered a loud shriek, and even Miava hid his face in the grass for a minute, as an awful spectacle presented itself. A large and strange boat appeared in the opening, and it had no out-rigger! This boat held ten personages, who were rowing somewhat as men paddle; but Miava could not think they were men, from their appearance. At all events, they were not inhabitants of the world, as he told Idya,—imploring her not to shriek again, but to let the apparition pass by. The shriek had, however, been heard. The strange boat did not immediately stop, but proceeded to the shore; but one of the rowers pointed out to his comrades something on the islet. Of course, the cowering pair thought they were perceived; and they shook in every fibre of their frames; but it might be only the roof of the hut, or the cocoa-nuts on the trees that were observed by the stranger.

"It is true;—the day is come!" exclaimed the old priest, as soon as he dared speak. "We have seen the out-riggerless canoe; and these visitors are people from behind the sky."

"They have faces," said Idya, whose eyes were better than the old man's. "They have faces; but they are almost as white as the sand; and in nothing else are they like men. What shall we do? Shall we drown ourselves?"

"Not yet," said Miava. "We can still do that, if they prove too dreadful. And they may be messengers from the foundation of the world. We must wait."

They were nearly sick with waiting and expectation, when Motuaro appeared. He popped up his head from the smooth water, scrambled on shore, and threw himself down beside the priest and Idya.

He had seen them,—seen more of the strangers than any one else yet. He had been fishing,—an exercise which he had had the grace to undertake while his wife was recovering her full strength. He was coming home with a good supply of fish,—singing at the top of his voice, and not looking behind him as he paddled, trusting to the accustomed solitude of the region, when he heard a shout from the shore. What a sight he beheld! There were several pale man-like beings splashing about in the shallow part of the stream, while two or three were on their knees higher up, drinking greedily. He rubbed his eyes; but the vision remained; and the appeal to his ears left no doubt. The strangers beckoned him to approach; and their gestures were so distinct that he dared not disobey. He slowly paddled towards them; but his terror was so great when two of the beings ran into the water to meet him, laid white hands on his canoe, and shouted at sight of the fish, that he threw himself over the stern, dived to the lowest depths, swam for home, and left his property as a sacrifice to the people from behind the sky.

These strange people, meantime, when they had satisfied their thirst by bathing and drinking in the stream, looked about for fruit and other fresh food; but, within the range of their view, all was desolate. Nothing but rank and barren vegetation overspread the scene of the late war. The voyagers turned from the bare stems of the cocoa-nut trees, and the prostrate bread-fruit trunks, and from the naked rafters where fowls had once roosted, to look at the islet whence they had heard the shriek. Presently, their boat was nearing its little beach; and then Miava appeared from the shade, approaching to meet them. No other idea had entered his mind than that they were messengers of evil,—all the changes he had known in his life being for the worse. He therefore confronted them first,—partly that he might be their immediate victim, if necessary, rather than his young companions; and partly that he might try the power of spells upon personages so strange.

When he came near, he found that they were not all white. One man, though in all other respects like the rest of the party, was of a complexion nearly as brown as Motuaro's. This man not only made signs of amity to the priest, but spoke so that his words were for the most part understood. He said that the white men came from another country, far away.

"From another world,—from behind the sky," replied Miava. "Have they a sun? or do they live in a region of night? They have the skins of those who live in darkness, but they have eyes given them for our sun."

"They live in our world, and our sun shines upon them when it leaves us," said the interpreter.

Miava looked to the east, and from that horizon to Evening Island he gazed slowly round, and shook his head.

"There are other islands, besides these two," declared the interpreter. "I come from one further towards sunset than yonder island, and yet the sun sets still far to the west. The foundations of the world are further off than you know of; and these men live between you and those regions of night. They not only live in the light of our sun, but they eat food as we do,—hogs, and fowls, and fruit."

The Europeans heard the familiar names of these last articles, and, supposing the conference had reached a practical point, now advanced, and holding out some unknown curiosities, repeated the words denoting hogs, fowls, fruit.

Miava looked from one to another in bewilderment. The sailors were not disposed to wait his time. One threw sticks at the cocoa-nuts on the trees, and brought down ripe and unripe at random. One cut a stalk of sugar-cane, and found it so delicious that others joined him. Two caught a hog, and put it into a sack, and then into the boat. They trusted to their commander's paying for what they took; but when he perceived how unused Miava was to barter, how unaware of the value of the articles produced, he stopped the proceedings.

First, he caused all the cocoa-nuts to be piled in one heap, and offered, through the interpreter, that Miava should select from his goods what he thought would pay for them. As it now indeed appeared that the strangers were not messengers of evil, the priest was anxious to relieve his companions from their terror; and Motuaro and Idya came at his cheerful call. Of many articles offered, they could not at once perceive the value; but there were some which they coveted on the instant,—even before Miava could satisfy himself that they were not unhallowed. Above all, Idya, who spent many a weary hour in kindling and watching the fire of the oven, was struck and charmed by a little box whose contents would make fire in a moment. She considered it worth more than a whole grove of cocoa-nuts. But her husband thought quite as well of a pewter spoon, with which he saw a sailor helping himself to the juice out of a sugar-cane. Motuaro at once saw the use of this, and how it would aid him in his favorite occupation of feeding. The captain accommodated matters by giving the spoon in exchange for the canes. The hog then remained to be paid for.

Miava eagerly insisted on the choice of an equivalent being his: and it was granted on a cry of delight and admiration escaping from one usually so composed. The captain had observed that the old man's sight had failed a good deal; and he placed first on his own nose, to show that they were harmless, and then on Miava's, a pair of spectacles. As soon as he could be persuaded to open his eyes, how great was his amazement! He saw distinctly the faces of all around him, and the leaves of distant trees, and the crests of the waves beyond the reef, and the blossoms of plants growing within the wood. He gazed around him, uttering new exclamations at every discovery of some long-lost object of sight, and then hurried away alone into the shrubbery, in the fear that some accident or quarrel might deprive him of his new treasure.

But what he saw during the daylight hours did not affect him nearly so much as the revelations of the night. When Idya had, with a beating heart, lighted a match to kindle the fuel of the oven, and Motuaro had supped, using his spoon for every mouthful, they were glad to sleep after the fatigues of so exciting a day. But the re-awakened sense of the old man would not permit sleep to approach him. As he cast his eyes upwards, trying whether he could see anything at midnight, he saw, through a hole in the roof, a shining star. A starry night was one of the fairest pictures in his memory. Now it occurred to him that by this magic power he might enjoy it again. He rose hastily from his mat, and went out, escaping from the canopy of the trees to the open shore. There he remained for the succeeding hours,—hours which made him young again, not only in sensation, but in emotion and thought.

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* An out-rigger is an appendage to a single canoe, whereby its balance is preserved, and it is prevented from sinking when loaded.

BARGAIN EXTRAORDINARY!

THE "*Amity Mill*" property, near Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, is now, owing to *an absolute necessity*, on the part of the owners, *to make sale*, offered *at more than fifty per cent. below its cash value.* The property consists of an *excellent farm* of one hundred and sixty acres, with good buildings. One hundred and twenty acres of the land, cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The mill is one of considerable note, and its flour is in good repute at the East. This building is nearly new, and is not surpassed in execution and convenience by any flouring mill in the State. It is five stories high, has three run of Burrs, two of these have ground and manufactured in twenty-four hours, *one hundred barrels of flour.* The water-wheel is secured from all obstacles by ice. Space will not admit of a full description of the building. Its conveniences of conveying wheat from one story to another, its various apartments, the completeness of its machinery, &c. &c. must be seen to be understood, or their value appreciated. The supply of water is ample, except at times of the greatest drought. The building alone, cost at least, *ten thousand* dollars. Adjacent to the mill are, an *oil mill*, thirty feet by thirty-four feet, four stories; a good dwelling, twenty-two feet by thirty-two feet, two stories, with cellar. Also, a store-house, eighteen feet by twenty-four feet, two stories, with cellar. Also, a warehouse, fifteen feet by fifty feet. Also, a cooper-shop, sixteen feet by one hundred and six feet.

The property lies in one of the best wheat growing regions in Ohio, and but three miles from Salem, a very thriving town, of twenty stores, and a population of one thousand two hundred, but without water-power.

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For further particulars, inquire of

B. B. DAVIS, Agent.

Salem, 6th mo. 5th, 1845.—2m.

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THE Northampton Association of Education and Industry have appropriated a suitable tenement for the accommodation of 15 or 20 boarding pupils. They will be members of a family, under the care of the Director of Education, assisted by his wife, and other teachers, and will be subject to the same treatment and regulations as pupils who are members of the association. The name of the association indicates the idea of culture, towards the realization of which our efforts will be directed. Systematic, habitual industry is deemed indispensable to education, which should aim at the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual, moral, and religious tendencies in active, practical life.

We shall consider $100 a year as an equivalent for instruction and board; from which a suitable deduction will be made when a pupil comes for several years. The year will commence on the 1st of May, next, and will have no fixed and entire vacation. Pupils will be received for a year at any time.

O. MACK, *Director of Education.*

BROUGHTON MEADOWS,
Northampton, April 14, 1844.

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CHARLES WISE,
Northwest corner Arch and Fifth streets.
Philadelphia, 8th, mo. 17th 1843. tf.

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No. 31, North Fifth street.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard, will be issued regularly from this office, on Thursday of every week.

TERMS—the same as in New-York; i. e. $2,00 a year if paid in advance; $2,50 if not paid within six months. $10,00, in advance, will pay for six copies for one year sent to one address; and $30,00 will pay for twenty copies.

A full assortment of anti-slavery publications is kept constantly on hand. Also, a handsome variety of miscellaneous books, and useful and fancy stationery.

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